

A New Beginning

by I am a Night Fury

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Summary: After two heros fall, they are given a second chance at life, but how will they adjust to the changes forced upon them? And what threats will arise while they are struggling to adapt? A mixup between the film and the books

1. A New Beginning

****AN:** This is my first fanfic, so please dont flame me. Any and all constructive criticism will be helpful. I had an idea for this story then came****** ****across** the books, so in later chapters i will be using people from the books (I'll try to keep them in character) but I will be making most of it up myself.******

****Disclaimer:** I do not own HTTYD. If I did, I would not be doing this...******

* * *

><p>Darkness. Not blackness, darkness. A cocoon of darkness. I did not know what it was or why it was there, but I knew it was protecting me. Leaving me alone with my memories. No, not alone, I could feel the presence of my best friend stuck with me in this cocoon of darkness.<p>

Memoriesâ€|

5 years after I killed the Red Death and changed the life of every viking on Berkâ€| 4 years after I defeated Alvin the Treacherous and his Outcastsâ€| 3 years after I married Astrid Hoffersonâ€| 2 years after I learned how to speak dragoneseâ€| 1 year after I united most tribes with dragonsâ€| IT appeared.

I am Hiccup Horrendous Haddock, rider of the Night Fury, heir of the Hairy Hooligan tribe, and I never thought I could feel this afraid again. After a gruelling week sorting out dragon and tribal related

affairs (Dad still wants to be chief eventually), IT came in the night.

* * *

><p>Hiccup's eyes shot open, not knowing what could have made him wake up that suddenly, then heard a roar that no-one of the tribe who had heard it could forget. It was the roar of the Red Death. Eyes snapping to the end of his bed he saw that his loyal dragon was awake and looking at him wide eyed. Scrambling to put his prosthetic on Hiccup could barely stop his fingers from trembling, trying to push back the feeling of fire coming to engulf him. A concerned yowl from beside him snapped him back to reality, causing Hiccup to lunge to the corner where he stored Toothless's saddle and tail fin. Strapping them on his best friend in record speed he vaulted onto the saddle and clicked his prosthetic into position, Toothless launching himself through the window the moment he felt the fake tail fin in position.<p>

Taking a few seconds to gain some altitude to gain some altitude they pulled into a tight bank to scan the air.

_"It wasn't just me who heard that, right bud?" _Hiccup asked.

_"No, I heard it" _Toothless snarled, eyes straining in the night
_"It sounded like the Queen" _

Hiccup could only shiver and gulp in fear, still searching for an anomaly in the skies. Shouts of "Hiccup!" startled the pair out of their thoughts. They easily spotted Snotlout, Fishlegs, Ruffnut, Tuffnut and Astrid rising into the air, heading towards them.

"What the heck is going on Hiccup? All the dragons are acting weird" shouted Astrid as she reached him, concern evident in her eyes. Hiccup could see many vikings on their dragons heading his way and more on the ground running in circles in their confusion.

Hiccup was saved from answering by the same roar that woke up the village, followed by a massive cone of flames setting a mile-long line of Berks forest ablaze. The twins watch in awe of the devastation. The light from the fire silhouetted something heading directly for the village, something instantly recognisable. The group headed slowly towards the shape.

Astrid spoke first, barely able to hiss out "Red Death?" through suddenly tight throat.

"I thought we killed that thing! Now we've got to kill it again!?" shouted Snotlout.

"Guys, we did kill it. This, this is a different one" Hiccup intervened fearfully.

"Yeah, this one is shorter and leaner, but its tail looks for flexible than the dragon queen's. Its wings look thicker too." Fishlegs was the only one who wasn't near to panic (except from the twins who were distracted by the blaze), and his words settled any fatalistic thoughts that the others had.

Stoick and Gobber arrived at that moment with most of the tribes

dragon riders - about half of the village - and bellowed "Hiccup! What in the name of Odin himself is going on here?!", not even looking at them as the silhouette grew larger.

Hiccup could only point and shout back "Red Death!", which had the unfortunate effect of causing the tribesmen to panic and start shouting among themselves, flying in circles, which Stoick and Gobber ineffectually tried to stop.

Toothless realised that they were almost in range of the approaching dragons fire and shouted to Hiccup _"Its almost chose enough to shoot at us Hiccup! Its heading straight for the village! We __**have **__to stop that thing!"_

Hiccup had to lean closer to Toothless' ear to make himself heard _"I know! I have some ideas, can you do something to shut everyone up?"_

At that Toothless spun in the air to face the villages dragon riders and let out his loudest battle roar, stunning everyone into silence. Before they could start again Hiccup took charge of the situation.

"Astrid! I want you to take all Nadder riders to make as many holes in its wings as you can! Fishlegs! You take all the Grunckle riders and hover around its head, distract it and when you can, shoot at its eyes but keep away from its mouth! Ruffnut, Tuffnut, you take all those with Zipplebacks and do whatever damage you can to its belly. Snotlout! Take the few Monstrous Nightmares we have and whatever damage you see anyone else do, make it worse. Everyone stay away from its tail! Dad, you and Gobber take all inexperienced riders and try to stop that blaze from spreading to Berk. I think Thornado will be great for that." Hiccup shot a grim look at his father before saying "And prepare to get the villagers to a safe place if anything goes wrong".

As the gathering split up into their assigned groups with shouts of much needed encouragement, and a shout of "Be careful!" from Astrid. Stoick watched his son with pride, thinking that he would make a great chief one day and how easily he took charge of the situation.

As the others were preparing to approach the monster, Hiccup told Toothless what they were going to do _"We cant give that thing any chance to burn them down as they approach. We've got to do something that gives them a chance to get close to it."_

Toothless immediately arched up into a clime, Hiccup adjusting the tail fin with an almost instinctual ease, gaining about a hundred meters in seconds before rolling over to dive at the Red Death. Shooting a duo of long ranged blasts at their opponents face they swiftly barrel rolled to the side to evade the flamethrower of a reply, no threat to the rest of the dragon riders. Hiccup guided Toothless in front of its head, avoiding its jaws as it turned to snap at them opportunistically. Flying away from it Hiccup twisted in the saddle to see if they had successfully distracted it from the approaching columns of tense dragon riders, only snap the fin into a different position as he saw it facing them with the telltale hissing of gas being prepared to force them into a dive, avoiding instant incineration by mere moments.

By the time it had fired its second shot at Hiccup and Toothless, Astrid had led her group unseen to the Red Death and was ready to lead them to their first attack run.

"Remember, go for its wings, and make as many holes as you can. And make sure you stay away from its tail!". Astrid made a valiant effort to keep her fear for Hiccup out her voice.

Leading her group of vikings and dragons on their first strike Astrid let out a battle cry, quickly joined in by the others behind her. Astrid directed Stormfly to shoot her fire at the closer of the gigantic flapping wings, scoring a painful looking line down it but not burning through. As the pair got past Stormfly flicked some of the quills on her tail at the other wing, only for them to bounce off of the thick hide. When Astrid saw this she shouted instructions to the rest of her group.

"Listen up! Our Nadders tail spikes wont hurt it, so stick to using their fire. I want everyone to pick a partner and stick with them, aim for the same spots and watch each others back, now MOVE IT!". Astrid pointed to the closest rider to her - a man about ten years older than her - shouted a quick "You're with me!" at him and dove back at the Red Death, careful to remain away from its tail.

Around the same time that Astrid began her first attack, Ruffnut and Tuffnut had led the other Zippleback riders lower to get to its underside easier. Looping around to approach it from the side, they were almost screaming from their joy of being able to inflict pain - even being ****asked**** to do it - which was a very rare treat for them. For their first run Ruffnut ordered the other five dragons into a straight line, and to only spray gas at their target for now. Barf and Belch lagged slightly behind to that Tuffnut could have the honours of lighting the plume of gas now hanging underneath the Red Deaths belly. The explosion that it caused nearly knocked them off their dragon but the harnesses that Hiccup had made them kept them secure.

When the ringing in their ears had faded they turned to each other wide eyed and grinning like the maniacs they were. Ruff spoke first.

"How much do you think that hurt?"

"I don't care, that was awesome"

"I know, I could of died!"

"Yeah, should we do it again?"

"Yeah! Woohooo!"

As the first two groups attacked Snotlout gave his small group some very simple instructions, which were about as complex as anything he could come up with. "If you see anything important, shoot at it! Annihilate! Lets kill this thing already!" As Hookfang sprayed some napalm-like fire onto the wing that Astrid's group had just attacked Snotlout started chanting "Snotlout! Snotlout! Oy! Oy! Oy!".

Fishlegs arrived last with the rest of the slow moving Grunckles, giving his larger team advise in his inimitable way. "Ok, a Grunckle has like +10 manoeuvrability but only +2 speed, so stay around its neck and above its head. The Red Death has like +43 firepower so do not get in front of it or it will do like 174 damage.". The other Grunckle riders generally ignored everything Fishlegs said and started bombarding the Red Death's six eyes with lava blasts, circling its neck to stay out of the bigger danger zones.

In the skies far above Hiccup and Toothless watched the vikings attack runs, which caused it to roar out in pain and flail around, shooting short bursts of flames in an attempt to hit one of these sudden nuisances before they could inflict any serious pain. When the invisible duo saw that someone was about to be hit they dove down to launch a set of plasma blasts at the offending limb, saving many from being swatted from the skies.

Unfortunately, they could not save everyone, and as they climbed for another run they saw an unfortunate pair of Nadders get shattered by the Red Death's tail-club, a Zippleback fall victim to one of the spear like claws on the ends of its feet and a lone Grunckle caught out of position by a sudden movement get turned to ash with its rider. Despite this every viking and dragon fought on valiantly, grateful that it was no longer heading to the village, and that the forest fire down below was indeed being skilfully contained.

Several runs later where the surviving vikings were adjusting their tactics so that it was nearly impossible for another to fall victim to a lucky strike, the Red Death screamed, a loud, high pitched shriek that stunned many dragons, nearly deafening their riders, before turning and flapping towards the village once more, setting new sections of the forest ablaze.

"I'LL KILL YOU ALL FOR WHAT YOU DID TO HIM! I'LL KILL EVERYTHING YOU EVER CARED ABOUT! I'LL KILL EVERY MATE YOU EVER HAD!"

The meaning of what he just heard was not lost on Hiccup, but the urgency of keeping the former Red Death's angry mate from reaching berk pushed all thoughts of that from his mind. He saw many of the surviving riders double their efforts to push the gigantic creature off course, but nothing could seem to impede it anymore. Adding their own blasts to the mix didn't seem to have any effects either, apart from the ripples of pain that were obviously failing to reach its fury clouded primal mind.

Thinking desperately for a new plan, Hiccup only noticed the rest of the gangs arrival because of Toothless's acknowledgements. Ideas running rampant through Hiccups mind, many - most even - being eliminated as quickly as they appeared, but there was one crazy idea that stayed. Extremely dangerous and only possible to accomplish by Toothless, but reluctantly it stayed.

"Hiccup, you've got to slow that thing down. I'm going to evacuate the village" Stoick bellowed before dropping to skim the treetops on the way to the village.

Astrid was the first to break Hiccup out of his thoughts. "What can we do? Nothing we've done seems to hurt it!".

_"No, we've definitely hurt it, it isn't able to fly very fast now

and I can see that you managed to cut through parts of its wings."
_Toothless cut into Hiccup's thoughts.

Things clicked into place in his mind and he started shouting out orders, once again wondering at the events that caused everyone to look to him first for direction instead of ignoring his attempts to help.

"Every dragon apart from the Zipplebacks, do as much damage as you can to those wings!" The twins looked glum that they were missing out on the action as the others swooped down to shout direction to their surviving villagers. "How many Zipplebacks still have gas left?"

Ruffnut replied "Three, including us" holding up two fingers, Tuffnut holding up four.

Before they could start a fight over who had the right number of fingers up Hiccup told them "Get them to hover below its jaws, and as you hear it prepare to breathe fire I want you to dump as much gas as you can in front of it and down its throat. After that get everyone away as fast as possible before we ignite it".

Knowing they had just been told to do something important they drifted off to the surviving Zippleback riders. Hiccup directed Toothless to rocket ahead of the straining Red Death to Berk.

A sinking feeling in his stomach, Toothless grumbled out a question
"Are we about to do what I think we're going to do?"

"Yep, we're going to force him to choke on a fireball!"

"And how are we going to do that?"

Hiccup didn't respond immediately, turning Toothless around about Berk's outskirts, he sighed and said "_We're going to give him a target"._

Toothless's eyes widened, but he realised the desperation of the situation and only let out a half-hearted groan. He knew what he had to do. Building up some speed and positioning themselves to be heading straight at the Red Death, Toothless unleashed a pair of low powered blasts at its face then started gathering everything he had left for one last shot.

Those two blasts had the intended effect of their target, clouding its thoughts with a rage that only allowed one thought to pass—REVENGE. Their positioning had also given this thought a focus, and a target. There was enough light from the dwindling fires to show the approaching Night Fury and its rider. Seeing a chance the Red Death narrowed its eyes, focusing on the approaching duo, and opened its mouth wide and started to build up gas for a massive stream of flames to burn down this most annoying and painful nuisance.

Unknown to the Red Death, this is what the Twins and the other surviving Zippleback riders were waiting for. As it opened its huge mouth Barf and the other gas heads emptied their gas reserves directly in front of and down its throat, then dove away as fast as they could shouting for the others to do the same.

Spying the gas cloud Toothless released the biggest plasma ball at the same time the Red Death formed its own fire. The two blasts met right in front of the Red Deaths mouth, igniting the biggest explosion anyone had ever seen. The fleeing dragons were tossed around like leaves in a hurricane, their riders valiantly trying to cling on to their dragons. When they finally regained control they turned to see what had just happened, and were confronted with the sight of a billowing cloud of fire around the Red Death's front half, growing to encompass the rest of its body as it exploded from within. Only a few vikings, Astrid included, noticed that there was a stream of flames extending from one end of the explosion. And no sign of Hiccup and Toothless.

Of course, in every plan you can think of, there is always something that you cannot control. There is always an unexpected response that can catch you out. As the fire was forced down the Red Deaths throat into its stomach and lungs, it put all of its effort into one last breath, pushing a final burst of fire out. Hiccup and Toothless were travelling too fast, were already too close to avoid it. They did not emerge. They were gone.

As the dragons and their riders watched the explosion grow, their joy turned to concern as they heard Astrid's desperate shouts for Hiccup, then confusion as the clouds above suddenly darkened and lightning struck.

The vikings were closer to the truth than they knew when they called Night fury's the 'unholy offspring of lightning and death'. But none of them could have prepared them for what they saw next.

From the clouds came sheets of lightning, blindingly bright, all of them entering the now fading cloud of fire. Thunder constantly striking at their ears in a barrage of sound. A few of the smarter vikings realised that the lightning seemed to be aimed at a spot inside the fire. This went against everything that they knew and frightened many of them, but they were so awed by this spectacle that neither they or the dragons could leave.

As the flames finally fizzled out they could see that the lightning was indeed hitting the same area, a globe of shimmering darkness. None dared to approach. As lightning struck this sphere ripples seemed to spread across it, each ripple causing the sphere to darken as if it was absorbing the light around it. Within moments the unnatural lightning storm dwindled away, until one massive final bolt struck the top as if it was from Thor himself. This lightning bolt did not have the same effect as the others did. Instead of causing it to darken, the sphere was sent hurtling into the ground, flattening a wide swath of forest.

Astrid was the first to fly down to this new clearing, somehow knowing that this had something to do with her husband and his dragon. When she dropped into the clearing there was no sign of the dark globe that had flattened the forest, but there was a crater directly in the centre, hissing and steaming like a forged sword dunked in water. Dismounting an agitated Stormfly she rushed over to the strangely deep crater and peered over the edge.

The edges of this crater were unlike any other one she had seen, the walls were like a smooth as black glass. Right in the centre of this crater there was what seemed to be a small, rounded black stone.

Astrid reached down to touch it, not knowing why she felt the need to do so when she should be searching the skies for Hiccup. The moment her fingers grasped it she felt a tingling run up her arm. Gently pulling the surprisingly warm rock from the ground she asked Stormfly for light, who responded by heating up a section of the crater wall.

She could now see that it was not just a simple rock, it was wider around at one end than the other, a rounded teardrop shape. Astrid gasped as it hit her, this was no stone, it was a _dragon egg_. Unaware of the other vikings landing around her, she examined it closer, but what she saw made her break down into tears, curling around this strange dragon egg.

Wrapped around the base of the egg were two small engravings, one of a young man riding a flying Night fury, the other, two Night fury's flying side by side.

Astrid knew, somehow just ****knew ****that Hiccup was dead, but had been given a second chance at life.

* * *

><p>Review please, but dont kill me if you dont like it. Anything helpful will be used.

2. Finding the egg

****AN:** Hey all, thanks for all the awesome support from the first chapter! While writing this i have discovered a new respect for those who manage to write 5k+ in a chapter. I will try to make my chapters at a minimum of 2k, going up to whatever i can manage.**

****Nightfury94, Atkiak:** Interesting idea, but i will keep them as brothers for this fic. Might try it in another story...**

****For those who do not understand how my mind works:****

"Norse"

"Dragonese"

Thoughts and/or the occasional bit of emphasis

****Definate emphasis/Gobber's shouting****

****Disclaimer: I do not own HTTYD****

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><p>I'm sure I've done this before. Really, I'm sure I have been here before. A hike over a treacherous rocky terrain, followed by the prospect of one of those lovely dark and gloomy caves where we have to steal something without waking anything up. And then there's the chanting.<p>

****"GLORY OR EXILE!"****

"GLORY OR EXILE!"

Let me introduce myself. I am Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third, aged 12, heir of the Hairy Hooligan tribe, trainer of a really annoying but lovable Garden dragon. I called him Toothless, if only because when I -ahem- **found **him he had no teeth. I would love to have him reassure me right now, but he is back at home sleeping through winter. Actually, he would help me at all unless it's in his best interests so on second thoughts he wouldn't be very helpful right now.

"RIGHT! YOU PATHETIC EXCUSES FOR VIKINGS KNOW WHAT TA DO 'ERE! NOW GIT MOVIN'! GLORY OR EXILE!"

That would be Gobber the Belch. He is our instructor and guide in the process of becoming full vikings, which nowadays means training dragons. He is a huge bear of a man, who isn't the sharpest twig in the forest but makes up for it with his rather perverse sense of humour. He is almost physically incapable of saying anything without bellowing. He is also our instructor and guide for becoming full vikings. However, adult dragons are not very easy to get along with, so with tradition viking spirit we've decided to steal them when they're young so they get used to us being their 'masters', and break them. As if Toothless will ever listen to me.

As I had mentioned, I already had a dragon, but he is my hunting dragon, and as one of Berks favourite hobbies is dragon racing I have to get myself a flying dragon. Hunting dragons tend to range from the size of a cat to a large dog, while flying dragons can be from the size of a horse and upwards, depending on what you steal, err **find**.

Last year all of us in the Viking Initiation Programme have had to steal a baby dragon from their nursery during their winter hibernation that we can train as a hunting dragon. It did not go well for me, as it ended up waking up all of the mummy dragons who decided to chase us out of their cave.

I wonder why.

* * *

><p>Today we have gone to a different set of caves, the hatchery, where we are going to have to steal a dragon's egg for our flying dragons.<p>

At least I've got Fishlegs beside me.

Gobber has brought us to the only entrance that we can get in without dragons with the assistance of his pack of sabre-tooth dragons, one of the few types of dragon that don't hibernate over winter.

"GET IN THAR, GET YERSELF AN EGG AND GET YOUR BUTTS OUT IN ONE PIECE. AND DON'T WAKE UP THOSE DRAGONS AGAIN!"

The other initiates turned and glared at me and Fish, it was common knowledge that our misfortunes caused the chaos last time. Snotlout smirked before pointing at us and saying "They go first". He seemed almost like he **wanted **us to wake them up.

We turned to each other and sighed simultaneously before starting to walk up the rocky incline to the crack in the wall, follow by the sniggering of the others. When we got up there we saw that it would allow passage for an adult viking - not very easily mind you - so we wouldn't have much of a problem climbing through.

Neither of us had what is viewed as the 'proper' viking build. We were both fairly weak and scrawny for our ages, me more than Fish, but Fishlegs has a hint of berserker in him which makes him a surprisingly scary opponent in a fight. He also has asthma and an allergy of carni-dragons. Don't ask me how, I don't know. I've recently found out that I am fairly good with a sword and an excellent thief. Unfortunately with what we are doing now none of that is going to help.

Fishlegs turned to me expectantly, so I rolled my eyes and started mock grumbling under my breath as I pulled myself through the gap. As my eyes adjusted to the darkness around me I fiercely restrained a gasp of amazement as I saw hundreds of dragons curled up on the floor, on ledges, almost everywhere one could fit there was a dragon. I noticed that all of them were in pairs, curled up in a sort of circle around their eggs, obviously the mates that made the eggs.

Shaking myself out of it I looked around for a Windwalker dragon. There, no there! There was one on the floor not too far from me by the wall. Easing my way past a few dragons and even over a twitching Nadder tail I neared the sleeping dragons hoping that they were with eggs. _Yes! I spy an egg!_. Trying to be as stealthy as I could I crept up to it, avoiding any loose rocks on the ground that could make any noise. Unfortunately for me the ground vanished and I fell down some sort of hole.

Clamping my mouth shut I managed to strangle off any noise that could have woken up the dragons I fell a short distance only to the noise of a few clattering rocks. The only light down here came from the shaft I had just fallen down. I didn't reach very far lending this area a very spooky aura. Something inside me was urging me to search for something. Without realising that I had already started moving I noticed that there was a small patch of darkness that seemed different to the rest, like a dark light. Strange. Reaching out to touch it I felt something smooth, hard and most surprisingly warm! Picking it up I knew that it was some sort of dragon egg, then I realised something. There were no dragons down here! Not bothering to think about it too much I stuffed it into the sling it had brought just to carry the egg, then hurried over to the dim light from the shaft.

As I reached it I looked up to see Fishleg's silhouette, who promptly sagged in relief "Hiccup" he whispered "You OK?"

"Yeah, I'm fine. I'll be up in a moment". Rearranging the sling to my front, I started shimmying up with my back to the rocks. Climbing up in record speed Fish grabbed my arm and hauled me up, steadying me for a moment so my arms and legs could stop shaking from the strain I had put on them. Gesturing to the entrance he led the way back as most of the others had already either gotten their eggs and got out or were heading back to the exit.

Reaching the exit at the same time as some of the others, I said a quick thanks to whatever god was looking after us.

Apparently it was Loki.

As we were about to climb out Fishlegs sneezed. Three massive, loud sneezes.

It is a very effective way to wake a snoozing dragon. Especially those that are keeping their eggs warm. You see, dragons cool down the farther they go into sleep, so when they have to keep their eggs from freezing they have to refrain from falling too far asleep, keeping a certain level of wakefulness. This sudden, loud noise easily woke them up.

The first thing they did, naturally, was check their eggs. Some of the dragons nearby started looking around the floor nearby, terrified of losing an egg to the cold, harsh ground. That quickly transformed into confusion as their sleep muddled minds recognised the scents of humans, then outrage as they saw the small group of terrified kids huddled against the opening in the wall, each clutching a small round object.

"Go! Go! Go!" I shouted at the others. I could see that some of the dragons nearby were torn between staying with their eggs to keep them warm or launch themselves at us to reclaim their lost egg. The moment everyone started clambering out through the gap I could see some of the dragons rising on their shaky legs.

"Hiccup, come on, quickly!" Fishlegs warned as he was the last out besides me. Just as I swung myself through the opening I heard the dragons jumping at the opening, trying to force themselves through a gap that was simply too small for them. The enraged cries followed me as I scampered down to where the others were waiting with an unreadable expression.

As I arrived he scanned us as said in a deceptively calm voice "I take it either Hiccup or Fishlegs woke them up". Everyone except from us nodded dumbly at Gobber, scared about how he would explode later. He turned around and started walking over to where the pack of sabre-tooth dragons were lying in the sun, mumbling something about 'hopeless' and 'lunatics' or something like that while we followed, listening to the others boast about what kind of dragon they had got.

"You got an egg, right?" Fishlegs asked me, looking worried that I might not have got one and have to be exiled from Berk.

I rolled my eyes before saying "Yes, I have one. I found it when I fell down that hole"

***"YOU MISERABLE LOT OF MEATBAGS GOT YER EGGS?"**

At least he was back to his usual shouting self.

"YES, GOBBER!" came the shouted reply.

***"ALRIGH' THEN, GIT ON A DRAGON AND WE'LL HEAD BACK TO BERK"**

"You seriously worried me when you vanished! I had just picked up my

egg when I looked over at you, then poof! You vanished! I wasn't sure what happened to you, I only heard some rocks fall." Fishlegs said as he climbed on a Sabre-tooth.

I cut him off before he started babbling. "I'm fine, I'm fine. What did you get?" I found the pack leader, One-eye, and climbed onto his back.

"I've got a Devilish Dervish" he replied sheepishly as Gobber came round to check that we were all safely on their backs.

"The one right by the entrance?" I asked, raising an eyebrow. He nodded.

Gobber climbed onto his mount and whistled sharply, the pack turning as one and running to Berk as the first mob of angry dragons exited the caves through flight, making conversation between vikings impossible. The sabre-tooth dragons could fly, but not at all easily when laden with viking children, and especially not with precious cargo.

Despite not being able to talk to Fishlegs anymore, I however, for as long as I can remember, can understand and speak dragonese. With that I could hear One-eye when he said to me _"You know I hate I when you meatbag egg-snatchers do this. Ought to leave you for the dames if I had a choice"_

Not wanting the grizzly dragon think about leaving me for them I whispered back (as talking to dragons is frowned upon - despite the times it saved the village - as vikings are meant to ****yell**** at them)_"I didn't actually steal another dragon's egg, I found one abandoned"_

He turned his head to look at me for a moment before barking out a short laugh and muttering _"It would be a mild shame for you to be exiled over a dead egg though"_

"That must be the kindest thing you said" I joked _"It was still warm when I found it, so don't worry about me"_

"As if I would" One-eye grunted.

I decided to have a better look at what sort of egg I had picked up, expecting something amazing. As I brought it out of the sling I still felt heat radiating out from it, but I was more surprised by the fact that it was black. No known dragon lays black eggs. Rubbing it over with my thumb I felt that it was smooth, except from around the base. Fearing that it was the sort of cracks that appear in dead eggs I had a closer look. What I saw confused me greatly.

One was of a human riding an unknown dragon, the other was two of those dragons flying side by side.

* * *

><p>AN: Ok, I am pretty sure you can figure out where this is going now (if you can't, I'm worried for you). Please review, and if you can think up any amazing Night Fury dragon names, plz tell me.

3. Hatching the egg

****AN:** I'm back! Thanks for the support! Here be thy next chapter...******

****PiGirl:** Thanks for the suggestion, I'll keep it in mind******

****For those who do not understand how my mind works:****

"Norse"

"Dragonese""

Thoughts and/or the occasional bit of emphasis

****Definate emphasis/Gobber's shouting****

****Disclaimer:** I own the planet and everything on it... except HTTYD******

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><p>After about fifteen hectic minutes of barrelling through forests and gliding over marshland to evade and escape the dragon mob, Berk came into view. Gobber, at the head of the pack, brought everyone to a halt at the outskirts of the village, where we all dismounted the dragons.<p>

****"LISTEN UP!" **Shouted Gobber "For now you've got six months to hatch yer dragons, teach it some commands, then you will go through the first set of trials with it. If ya don't impress me, ya'll be **BANISHED!"****

Banishment, or exile, or whatever else you wanted to call it, is very common these days.

****"GLORY OR EXILE!" **yelled Gobber**

"GLORY OR EXILE!" came the massed enthusiastic reply from the initiates. I managed to mutter it alongside Fishlegs, who did the same. Neither of us were looking forward to the trials, we could only hope that our luck would hold out on us. After all, the last set didn't go very well.

Fishlegs muttered a farewell to me before hurrying along to his house, clutching his egg close to his chest. Turning to head home I narrowly missed being floored by Snotlout, my mean and nasty cousin, who was wearing his boastful smile.

"What have you got dragon boy?" he taunted "I've got myself a Monstrous Nightmare!". He started cackling when Dogsbreath said "Probably a Grunckle!" before pushing me roughly aside and wandering off together.

Monstrous nightmares were a special kind of dragon for Berk, as they were always ridiculously hard to train but very impressive. They were often viewed as the chief's dragon, because for a long time only the chief and the heir has had them.

Shaking my head at them I turned my thoughts to the egg in my sling. While in the hatchery the eggs were simply being kept warm enough to keep them alive, but extra heat is required to incubate them. At least, that's what I think Fishlegs told me as we were heading up to the hatchery.

Heading up the hill to where my home was located (the chief always lives on the highest point in the village for some reason) I thought of the best way to incubate my egg. There was really only one option for me, the hearth of our fire pit. As I thought about it the more it made sense to me. Dragons eggs are naturally fire proof, right? When the dragon hatches it will be fireproof, right? And I can pass off the colour of this unique egg as the soot from the fire! Perfect!

Newly encouraged I marched through the village with a new purpose. Pushing the door open I looked around for a moment. Dad's out, good. Mum's still away on one of her quests. There was no fire in the hearth, but putting my hand over it I could still feel some of the residual heat from the last fire.

Using a nearby stick to rummage around in the ash left from the last fire, I created a small space near the middle to place my egg. Reaching into my sling for it, I brought it in front of me and gave it a light squeeze. I did this to guess how thick the eggshell was. It felt like I was trying to squeeze a stone, that is one thick eggshell! There must be something impressively strong inside to get through this shell!

Placing the fascinating egg down reverentially I gathered some logs to start the fire with, then spent the next ten minutes cursing whatever made fire starting so difficult until I managed to ignite some of the logs. I made sure that the logs weren't about to roll over onto the egg (despite the fact that it wouldn't damage the egg) then went upstairs to check on Toothless.

Opening the door I saw that he was just where I had left him this morning, in the little bed that I had made him next to mine, stuffed on a pile of material that served as his bedding (including some of my shirts he had shredded). Resting my hand on his small, cool body I felt him twitch a little, he would still be asleep for a while.

Checking the rest of my room quickly to make sure nobody had been in it since I left, I decided to go out to the forest to gather more firewood. The typical riding dragon egg tends to take between two to three months to incubate and hatch, but so far this egg has defied the norm at every step so I had no idea how long it would take to hatch.

Leaving through the back door I sauntered towards the forest, stopping to scan the village for a moment. Fishlegs had evidently had the same idea for me as he was heading to the forest too. When he saw me he waved and changed direction so we would meet as we entered the trees.

"Hey Fish, going to get some firewood?"

"Yeah, I was thinking of stockpiling some so that I won't have to go

out again as soon."

"I was going to do the same thing." I nodded "How did your parents react when you returned?"

"Oh, they were really happy when I told them it was a Devilish Dervish egg. Then they started giving me all sorts of random advice for training a dragon." He waved his hands about to emphasise the randomness "Then they started with the stories of how **they **got their dragons." He gave me a frank look "Once they get started they really **won't **stop!" I couldn't help but laugh a little at this point at his pantomiming. "All I could do was put the egg in the hearth and make an excuse of getting more firewood to escape, but then I realised that I will actually have to get some!" I burst into gales of laughter as he got more and more frantic with his gestures, then he joined me as he finished.

After we had both calmed down, grateful that there was nobody else nearby who could have heard that, he asked "Anyway, how was your dad? And what kind of dragon have you got?" He was practically bounding on his feet with excitement.

I shook my head before answering him. "Dad hasn't seen it yet, not that I'm complaining" I said the last bit a bit quieter, causing him to look at me strangely.

"Why, what is it?" he asked, curiosity turning to worry.

"I haven't seen, or even heard about an egg that is like the one I found"

"Could it be a Thunderdrum egg, or maybe a Nadder egg? They have a distinctiveâ€|"

I cut him off before he could start babbling on about different dragon eggs by turning to face him and saying "Its black"

He stopped and turned to me wide-eyed before stammering out "B-bb-black? Is it actually black or just covered in something black?" he demanded, eyes narrowing.

"It really is black, I thought that too." his eyes widened again as I continued "It is really smooth as well, and it feels really solid. Could take a while to hatch."

"Any idea what the dragon might look like?" he was almost quivering in his excitement.

I had many ideas, but none that would sound very realistic, so I simply shook my head and bent down to gather a few logs for the fire. As I gathered a small bundle of logs (about as much as I can carry) Fishlegs gathered his own pile, not much bigger than my own. Together we headed back to the village, lost in our own thoughts. Due to that neither of us noticed the quiet footsteps behind us.

Both of us noticed when a fist connected with the back of our heads, dropping us both to the floor, our collected firewood landing in front of us.

"Oops, didn't notice you there, weaklings!" I recognised the voice as

Speedifist's, another of Snotlouts minions. Pushing myself off the floor, I watched him gather up what we had collected and head to where a laughing Snotlout was watching, but not before he managed to 'accidentally' knock us down again.

"Watcha gonna do Hiccup?" Snotlout taunted "I'm gonna be chief next cos I've got the Nightmare! Nobody will want ****you**** to be chief, cos I am better than you in every way!"

With that he turned away laughing, and beckoned Speedifist to follow, which he did.

When they were out of earshot I got up, waited for gravity to stop moving, then reached down to pull Fishlegs to his feet. He got up slowly, swaying on his feet slightly. "Any serious damage?" I asked him dryly. He shook his head before mumbling "Got a headache", still a bit unsteady on his feet. I decided not to push it as I started to gather more logs to replace what Snotlout had stolen.

Together, we walked back to Berk in silence, good moods destroyed by Snotlout. As I pushed by back door open I noticed that dad had returned from his chiefly duties (whatever they were). As I dropped the logs on the firewood pile he turned to me with a stern look on his face, and my heart dropped.

"Son, what happened in those caves?"

I stood my ground and crossed my arms, feeling a little defiant "We went in, got our eggs, and got out." I paused for a moment before adding "Then Fishlegs sneezed and woke the dragons up, who chased us out."

Stoick simply stared for a few moments before bursting out laughing "At least no-one got hurt this time! One thing about the egg you got though, why is it black?"

I could feel my heart pound a little faster at that, but forced myself to remain calm as I walked over to the fire as if to check the egg. Looking at it for a moment with my back to my dad I shrugged then said "Got to be all the soot and ash from the fire on it". To my relief he seemed to accept this, sitting back down. "I remember when I got my first dragon, it wasâ€¦"

I realised that I was going to be stuck here for a while, Fishlegs words coming back to me. _Once they get started they really ****won't****__stop!_. I couldn't even use the excuse of gathering firewood to escape anymoreâ€¦|

It was a long nightâ€¦|

* * *

><p>Over the next few days I managed to get into some sort of routine of checking the egg, getting firewood, checking the egg, adding firewood. There were the occasional times when I had to go out in near blizzard conditions to get firewood, but at least Stoick wasn't trying to give me any more traditional viking advice. I even ran into my granpa, Old Wrinkly, who asked to see the egg when I returned from one of my trips. Old Wrinkly acts as the village soothsayer (despite nobody listening to anything he says) so I was interested in what he

had to say about my future dragon.<p>

When I proudly showed off my egg in the fire, he simply stared at it for a few moments, barely making a sound. If I didn't know better, I would have sworn that I saw him look confused for a few moments, but he's never confused about anything he sees! Maybe its just the light from the fire. After a moment his face cleared and he turned to me, smiling broadly. "I can see many great things coming from this egg, but" Then he shot me a cautious look "with this egg will come new challenges". His smile returned and he made his way out, leaving me with my thoughts. _Great things and new challenges. Oh, well. Can't be any worse than training Toothless._ The thought of training another Toothless made me shudder, as I went to the kitchen to get something to eat.

About once a week, Gobber came to check up on the egg. He said that it was part of the job, but I think that he just doesn't trust me to keep it in one piece for now. He doesn't stay long, only long enough to make sure that I'm not about to burn the house down and give me a few bits of advice. Most of what he said was the usual viking stuff that wouldn't help me, but there was the occasional thing that might be of some use in the future. Hopefully.

After about a month Toothless woke up, which I was really happy about. I had hoped that he would be interested in the egg, but he simply looked at it and gave it a cursory sniff before turning to look at me and saying _'Fish. Now'_ . Oh, well.

Another month and a half has passed, everyone else's dragons have hatched. After gathering firewood and checking the egg for the billionth time I went over to see Fishlegs and his new dragon, the Devilish Dervish. It turns out that he has got a feisty one, at least judging from the scratches and scrapes Fishlegs has and the marks on the furniture around the house. I helped him to get the Dervish to calm down, who Fishlegs has decided to call Fang (because of his sharp teeth), and teach both of them some simple things about coping with the other.

Three and a half full months after the expedition to the hatchery, and the egg still hasn't hatched. I have managed to persuade Toothless to join me in gathering firewood, at the cost of getting him some of his favourite oysters. He wasn't much of a help though. After getting a few twigs for me he retired to my shoulder muttering _'Master work Toothless too hard'_ . Rolling my eyes at him I picked up a few more logs and walked back to the village.

As I neared the back door I noticed something different, but couldn't put my finger on it. Just as I was about to push the back door open I heard something fall over inside, then heard someone talking! I couldn't hear well enough to guess what was being said, but I knew that it couldn't be dad as he is always sorting out yet another problem in the village. I looked at Toothless to see if he could hear what was being said, but he didn't seem to care about what was happening inside. I quietly put the logs down outside then pushed the door open slowly, hoping to avoid to squeaky noise it usually makes. I stepped in, my eyes instantly going to one small thing on the ground, or rather two small things on the ground.

Two tiny, jet black dragons standing on the floor, facing each other with their heads turned to face us. Then one of them spoke. Is wasn't

the fact that there were two dragons on the floor that surprised me most, neither was it that one of them spoke. Dragons were in their own way much simpler than humans, and a lot less needy, so dragonese was an inbuilt language for them. It was the fact that this dragon spoke perfect Norse.

"What in Odin's name is going on?!"

* * *

><p>AN: Plz give me dragon names! Tell me what I'm doing right and what I'm doing wrong! Please!

4. Hatchling Confusion

AN: Soz I'm a bit late with this one, but life interrupted me. Anyway, here it is, 3K! More words than I thought i could manage! Enjoy.

SmokeyStorm: Thanks for the idea, I'll keep it in mind.

For those who do not understand how my mind works:

"Norse"

"Dragonese"

Thoughts and/or the occasional bit of emphasis

Definate emphasis/Gobber's shouting

Disclaimer: I own HTTYD in my dreams, but not in reality

* * *

><p>Floating. Floating in a cocoon of darkness. A darkness in which time means nothing. A shell of protection. Wait, is it protecting me or protecting something from me? I'll never know. I don't really care either, as long as I have my memories. Memories of pain, memories of joy, victory, defeat and whatever comes along. Memories of fire. Its what makes me, wellâ€¦ me.<p>

The memories are being pushed aside now, something is happening. What is this? It feels familiar. Ah, yes, heat. Fire? Memories of fire flickering in front of me. My first scar from the fire in the forge on the tip of a finger, running from a creature of fire, fire dissolving part of my leg, a pillar of fire reaching for me and my best friend out of a cloud of fire.

No, this isn't the feeling of fire, just heat. It's a strangely comforting heat. Gives me a warm fuzzy feeling. I want it to last forever. At least time means nothing here. A flicker of movement, or a lifetime of shaking. My curiosity flickers to life, I know the darkness will keep me safe, but I want to know what's happening. The heat has returned, stronger.

Wait, something's changing. The darkness is getting closer, the cocoon is shrinking. Seconds stretch, years vanish. The darkness is

pressing against me now, its not as nice here anymore. But I am comforted by the other presence here, which is also being pushed into me, but not uncomfortably.

Ok, this is starting to get annoying now, I want to know what's happening. Its starting to feel more like a prison now, maybe I can force my way out. Something urged me to give the darkness a good kick, so I did so. My ears twitched as I heard a slight cracking noise when my foot connected with the darkness, the first sound I've heard for a long, long time. I gave it another kick to see if I could get it to make the noise again, which it did, but what I noticed more than the noise was that the darkness felt weaker!

Feeling the other presence stir next to me I decided to see how far I could go. A small barrage of kicks and punches shake the darkness satisfyingly, the other one pushing against the other side of the darkness. Straining together we worked to push back the suddenly constrictive darkness, untilâ€|

CRACK!

A crack louder than any of the others that I had made assaulted my ears as I was propelled out of the darkness. I opened my eyes to see what was outside the darkness, but I was not prepared for the confusing blur of colour through the painful light. Noises barraged my sensitive ears in a cacophony of sound. Scents pushed their way up my nose to disorientate my mind. Unable to focus on any one thing I squeezed my eyes shut and tried to push everything else out of my mind for coherent thoughts to form. _Maybe it would have been better to stay in the darkness. No, I am Hiccup Horrendous Haddock, heir of the Hairy Hooligan tribe,â€| and I have no idea what is happening._

The thought threatened to push my despair and desperation to the front, but I focused on what I could do. Prying an eye open a crack, I immediately saw a large brown blur in front of me. Forcing the other eye open slightly I forced myself to focus past the dazzling light to figure out what it was. Slowly, it came into focus, and as it did so I realised that the light was no longer as painful, neither were the scents as offensive nor the sounds as confusing.

As my eyes focused on the brown object that took up all of my vision, I discovered that it was not a single shade of brown, but instead had various shades. There were also some large cracks in the brown, surrounded by other, smaller cracks. There was also one or two bits that did not fit in with the random pattern of cracks, circular patches of rings within rings. There was something strangely familiar about this. Things clicked into place in my mind as I realised that my neck was loose, and my head dangling a little. _It's the floor! _I frowned for a moment before thinking _I'm standing on a piece of wood, timber to be precise. Only a human can get it this smooth, so I must be in someone's house._

After a few moments of figuring out which muscles moved my neck, I managed to lift my head, fighting disorientation as everything shifted. Due to staring at the floor for too long (which I felt a bit silly about) everything was distorted unrecognisably. I could tell that my eyes were adjusting slowly, as I could pick out a huge vertical blurry log not far from me.

Crawling over to it clumsily I muttered a curse at my unresponsive limbs. BONK! I rebounded slightly from the tree-sized thing, muttering about the dull ache in my nose. For some reason I started sniffing it, then stopped as I realised what I was doing. _Well, that was weird_. After turning to the side to get the giant pillar out of my sight, I waited as my eyes adjusted. When they did, what I saw confused me greatly.

A smallish black blob was stumbling its way from pillar to pillar, stopping for a moment at each one before moving on to the next. I could not recognise what it was for a few moments, before my eyes focused properly on it. Then I could recognise two wings hanging loosely from its sides, four short legs underneath moving it along. Still, I did not recognise it until I saw the tail with its distinctive tail fins. _A Night Fury!_ Something about this dragon seemed familiar.

_ "Toothless?" _

The dragon's ear flaps rotated instantly in my direction, then his head turned so he could look at me properly. I could see that he was having the same problems as I was with focusing my eyes.

_ "Hicâ€|uh" _

That was definitely Toothless's voice, but why did he trail off? Didn't he recognise me? And why was his voice higher than normal? And why does he look smaller? Too many questions.

_ "Toothless? It's me, Hiccup?" _

That simply caused him too look at me strangely, and a wave of confusion washed over me. I tried to crawl across to him, but I only managed to stumble a few steps before falling splat on my face. It was then that I managed to focus on my nose, or rather, the black snout that had replaced it.

_ "Whoa! What the heck?!" _

I shouted (or squeaked) as I stumbled away from it, tripping over myself again to land on my back on the floor. Flailing around as if to try to escape the inexplicable object on my face, I ended up waving one of my hands in front of my face, and froze.

Instead of seeing the usual five digits covered in pale pink flesh, I only saw four digits, but covered in the black scales of a Night Fury. I concentrated on twitching every muscle in my hand just to make sure that it was really mine, not just some practical joke, but no, my new 'fingers' twitched when I moved certain muscles. Just then one of my ears twitched and I looked over at Toothless, who had started making his way over to me. I realised that he had said something, but I did not hear what he had said while checking out my hand.

_ "What?" _

_ "I said that that's as Hiccup a move as I'll ever see" _

As he said that an image flashed in my mind of what I looked like on

the floor, staring at my hand, but it was gone in a moment, as if it never existed.

Rolling myself onto my hands and feet I ignored him and looked myself over as well as I could. Lowering my head I could see four complete legs supporting my weight, yes, four ****whole**** legs, not three and a half as I had sort of expected. Craning to see over my black shoulder I could spy two dark wings hanging off my back, and further down my new sleek body was a tail, swaying slightly with its distinctive set of fins twitching on the floor.

"Howâ€|? Whatâ€|? Whyâ€|?".

Numerous questions were trying to force their way out of my mouth at the same time, each one choking off the previous, leaving me standing there spluttering. A flash of amusement, flashed across my mind before dissipating instantly.

He started circling me. _"I asked the same thing"._ A burst of irritation swelled in my mind and I had to bite back a scathing comeback when he said that, but I did notice him stumble a little.

"Why am I a Night Fury?". At least I managed to get that question out. He came to a halt in front of me and gave me a draconic shrug, a subtle movement with his head and wings, before replying.

"No idea, but it has probably got something to do with
****that****".

He gestured with his head to something behind me, which I could tell from the crackling sounds was a dying fire. I turned around to see what he meant, which became immediately obvious. Through the dying flames I could see the distorted outline of what could have only been a hatched dragon egg, but more immediately was the fragments of the egg that had been broken off, all of it a plain jet black.

* * *

><p>Toothless P.O.V<p>

Why do I feel like I've done this before? I mean, kicking my way out of a prison-like thing. _Gah, nothing's doing what I tell it to do! I can't walk, I can't fly, I can barely even open my eyes! What if Hiccups in danger again? Come on, open your eyes, there's nothing to be afraid of, you're a Night Fury._

Opening them wasn't the hard part. It was ****keeping**** them open that was painfully hard. I managed to keep them open long enough for my eyes to remember how to adjust, and I could see a couple of blurry objects near me. Seeing that my eyes weren't going to obey me just yet I decided to use my other senses to determine where I was, to be precise, my nose.

Hobbling along to the nearest of objects, I gave it a cursory sniff. Smells of wood, with a hint of smoke, and also the scents of humans. Giving what I was standing on a sniff, then looking at the rest of the blurred ground for a moment I realised where was. _This has to be a human nest, it's the only thing that would smell this way._ Hearing the crackling of a small fire behind me I decided to see what else

was around me.

Stumbling along between two blurry objects, I heard a familiar call. _"Toothless?_"_. _That has to be Hiccup, no-one else sounds like that._ Turning to face I started to call back to him, but only got partway through his name as I realised that it was not Hiccup I had heard. Instead of seeing the human I cared about, there was another Night Fury standing there.

The Night Fury opened its mouth. _"Toothless, its me, Hiccup?"_. _Confusion battered at me as my thoughts spiralled. _Ok, this is weird. A Night Fury is telling me that he is Hiccup. It sounded like Hiccup, mostly. Just a bit more squeaky than usual._ The strange Night Fury tried to walk over to me, but instead tripped over his own legs. _Its almost like he doesn't know how to walk_. I frowned when he fell over and he seemed to focus on his nose.

"Whoa! What the heck?". This isn't normal for a Night Fury, but I wouldn't put it past Hiccup (or most of the other humans I knew) if he suddenly got changed into a Night Fury. He ended up landing on his back and staring at his paw. I felt a strange sense of shock and confusion for a second. I shook my head, that has to be him, somehow.

_"Now that's as Hiccup a move as I'll ever see" _I said as I started walking over to him.

"What?"

"I said that that's as Hiccup a move as I'll ever see". I had to restrain myself from laughing at the image I had in my mind of the Night Fury staring at his paw on his back. He managed to roll himself onto his legs and examine his body, before trying to splutter out some sort of question. Now I ****had**** to stop myself from laughing out loud. _"I asked the same thing" _I joked as I started to walk around him, to see if there were any major differences between us, but in between a step I felt a wave of irritation slam into me for a moment, causing me to stumble for a moment. _Well, that was weird_.

"Why am I a Night Fury?" Hiccup asked. I stopped my circling in front of him then gave him a slight shrug, before gesturing to what I could see in the fire behind him. _"No idea, but it has probably got something to do with ****that****"_ _I replied.

He stared at the egg fragments for a few seconds before spinning around to face me, wide-eyed. _"An egg? Did Iâ€¦? Did youâ€¦? I mean, did we justâ€¦?"_

I cut him off to stop his panic from rising _"Yes, I think we just hatched."_ The look on his face was just priceless, I couldn't stop myself from laughing at him. _"It would explain why you're so small!"_. I could feel my tail slapping the floor in my laughter, and my eyes were blurring again, so I didn't notice the signs Hiccup was showing.

A flash of anger was the only warning I got as Hiccup launched himself at me, tackling me into one of the pillars. I was caught so off guard by this that I could not prevent myself from hitting the pillar head first. A dull ache echoed in my head from where I hit, but it did not stop me from squirming out of the tackle and biting

down slightly on his foreleg, not hard enough to do any serious damage though. Hiccup yelped as I clamped on, but then I pulled back as I felt a small pain in **my** leg. Looking down at it I realised something. _He didn't get near my legâ€| so why did it hurt?_ I thought, very confused.

We pulled back simultaneously, not saying anything over our surprise, mine over the random pain, Hiccup over his tackle. Hiccup broke the silence first. _"Did your leg hurt when you bit mine?"_ Obviously he had recognised what I was thinking, so I simply nodded. His eyes narrowed with what he said next _"Hmmm. When your head got hit, I felt something at the same time, on my head. You felt something on your leg when you bit mineâ€| ever heard of this before?"_

_"Nope, never" _My eyes narrowed accusingly _"Wait, you felt angry before you tackled me, didn't you."_

_"Yeah, I was getting a bit mad at you" _Hiccup looked at the floor sheepishly for a moment, before his head shot up. _"Wait, how did you know? You was too busy laughing at me!"_

I tilted my head curiously before answering _"Just before you tackled me I felt angry. It justâ€|came. I had no reason to feel angry so maybe it was yours."_

Hiccup snorted slightly, and turned away from me slightly before replying. _"So we felt each others pain and feel each others emotions. That just sounds crazy. And stupid. And ridiculous. Do you want me to go on?"_

"I know, I know. But its not like anything else makes sense! And I think that it is only strong emotions that we shared."

I shrugged before continuing _"Heck, we both got turned into Night Fury hatchlings, so anything is possible!"_ I finished off by nudging his shoulder affectionately.

Hiccup visibly brightened at my nudge, and pushed out a small laugh before adopting a serious look. _"Yeah, but this is quite a shock to me, bud. I don't know how much more I can take before I break from it all."_ He finished off by rolling his eyes.

Just as Hiccup finished talking I heard a small squeak, and muffled breathing off to the side. Clearly Hiccup had as well because both of our heads snapped to whatever was making the noise, to see a massive door open, and a **huge** boy standing there with a large dragon that I did not recognise perched on his shoulder.

Beside me I heard Hiccup say in Norse "What in Odin's name is going on?!"

Clearly Hiccup was about to break.

* * *

><p>AN: Ok, so Hiccup and Toothless can feel each others pain and can sense strong emotions from the other. I've done this because it will be essential for their survival in the future (evil cackle) and cos I felt like doing it...

****Anyway, I still haven't decided on their names yet so please give me your ideas****

5. How to be a Hatchling Part 1

****AN: Here be thy next chapter. Originally this and the next one was going to be one chapter, but it got long enough to warrant being two separate chapters. This one is focused mainly on Toothless (Night Fury) P.O.V, but starts with Hiccup (human) P.O.V****

****Thanks for all the reviews! Much appreciated.****

****For those who do not understand how my mind works:****

"Norse"

"Dragonese"

Thoughts and/or the occasional bit of emphasis

****Definate emphasis/Gobber's shouting****

****Disclaimer: I own HTTYD in an alternate reality****

* * *

><p>I couldn't help but stare for a few moments. Not only had my egg hatched, but there were twins in it! That in itself is unheard of, but then one of them spoke Norse! Can this day get any stranger? During the informal staring contest I managed to get a good look at what kind of dragon they were. They are not what I expected.<p>

A long, sleek body, build for speed and endurance, but with enough muscle to win a fight. A smallish triangular head, with a shorter snout than most, and a powerful looking set of jaws. Two ear flaps on the top of their heads, with extra frill-like bits between them and going down the side of their heads below the ear flaps. Two bat-like wing, which seemed to be a bit oversized compared to the rest of its body. Four relatively short legs, well muscled for running. And a tail almost as long again as one of their bodies, with one set of fins at the base of the tail and another at the tip. The entirety of their bodies covered with sleek black scales. No impressive horns, or spikes, or other weaponry. I noticed that one of them, the one that spoke, was fractionally smaller than the other.

I could see that they were agitated, understandable really, so I tried to calm them down by showing them the palms of my hands and saying _"Don't worry, I'm not going to hurt you. You're in my home, nothing to be afraid of."_

They seemed to be surprised that I could speak dragonese, but of course it came so naturally to me that I barely notice that I switched languages. I was prepared for all of the usual questions and demands of a hatchling, such as 'where's my food', but I have to admit that what I got caught me off guard.

"Who are you" the smaller demanded. In response I put a hand over my heart and said _"I am Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third, and this

is Toothless"_ I finished by gesturing to Toothless, who still hadn't budged from my shoulder. The smaller dragon took this opportunity to collapse.

Before I could step forward to help him, the other dragon put himself between us and flicked his tail towards the door behind me _"You. Fish. Now."._ The sheer authority that came through in that small hatchling's voice made me react without thought, spinning around and out of the house.

A few steps outside, I stopped and glanced at Toothless, who nearly fell off my shoulder hissing in laughter. _"M-m-master just got kicked out of his own house! By a hatchling! Hahaha! Me likes this hatchling already!"_

"Thanks for the support" I returned dryly. I decided that it would be best to get the little hatchlings some food. After all, it is what they need straight after hatching and usually the first thing they do is demand it. Hurrying down to the docks I bought three fish (two for the hatchlings and one for Toothless), then noticed Fishlegs getting a few fish for his dragon.

We noticed each other at the same time and walked out of the docks together. "Getting something for Fang to eat?" I guessed.

"Yeah, if I don't Fang starts chewing on whatever is nearby"

"Including you?" I asked, eyeing the bandages on a few of his fingers.

"Yes, including me." Fishlegs winced a bit at this "Hey, what are you doing with those fish? It's a bit late for lunch now."

I grinned at him as I replied "My egg finally hatched," I couldn't help but look a bit sheepish as I continued "but then I got kicked out, so I'm going back with a peace offering". Toothless sniggered as I said that.

Fishlegs turned to me, excited "Wow, can I come with you? I really want to know what you've got. Please?" 'Legs was practically begging at this point.

"Of course! But what about Fang?"

"I'll just leave the fish with him, he always falls asleep for a while after he eats anyway." As Fishleg's house was only a small detour from where I was going I agreed, and followed him to his house. I let Fishlegs go in alone, and heard him scolding Fang for chewing on something again before he came out.

"That was fast." I said, raising an eyebrow at him "Come on, can't keep them waiting any longer".

As we hurried to where the hatchlings were waiting Fish peppered me with questions, to which I only answer with a smirk and a "You'll see". As we neared the front door, I couldn't hear any of the usual noises of a hatchling destroying things, so we slowed down and I handed Fishlegs one of the fish.

I let Fishlegs enter first, who took a pair of steps in before freezing to the spot. As I closed the door behind me and eased next to him, I stopped. There was only one of them, sitting on the chair near the door. I recognised this one as the smaller one, the one that collapsed earlier. He seems fine now, so maybe he just needs some food now.

"Wait, where'sâ€|GAH!" Before I knew what was happening, I was thrown to the floor as something hit me in the back. I managed to avoid squashing the fish beneath me, but I was unable to stop my head from hitting the floor fairly hard. I couldn't get up as I felt the other hatchling jumping up and down on my back, shouting _"Fish! Fishfishfish! Give me fish!"_ he jumped down over my head and turned so he was looking me in the eye. _"Fish! Now!"_ he yipped, then he gave me the most comically serious look I had seen a hatchling make _"Or I start on your nose"._

To avoid the Wrath Of The Hatchling I gave him the fish, then looked over to see Fishlegs lying on the floor with the other hatchling on his chest, making a small mess as he ripped apart the fish I had given to Fishlegs.

Toothless (Night Fury) P.O.V.

"I am Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third, and this is Toothless".

The moment I heard the human say that I knew that my Hiccup wouldn't be able to cope with it, not after his admission a few moments ago. My head shot around to face Hiccup - my Hiccup, not the human boy - just to see his eyes roll up and his body collapse. I knew that he just needed some time to recover, and that he would not be able to get with this boy around.

I put all the authority I could remember from my times commanding Berk's dragons, and from the raiding parties I had led before that into my voice, ignoring the fact that I was stuck with the voice of a hatchling (for now). _"You. Fish. Now"_. I was pleased to hear my commanding tones return, and his instant reaction. _At least he's gone for now_.

Turning back to Hiccup I started nudging him and licking him as I used to do to wake him up. As started to twitch towards wakefulness I started to murmur a few things in his ear, then stepped back to admire my handiwork.

Hiccup shot to his feet within a moment, shouting out at random for a few seconds "The cabbages are on fire! Get Gobber to pour the yak's milk on the Grunckle, then Tuffnut the Snotlout with the eel! Then Stoick the shield with theâ€|wait, what?" I was practically on the floor with laughter _"Toothlessâ€| Not. Funny."_ Hiccup growled at me.

"Haha! Sorry, had to be done. Totally worth it." I giggled back at him. I felt strange flash of disappointment for a moment, so I looked up at Hiccup to see him staring down at his paw trying to wiggle his claws. I could tell that something was bothering him, something more than just his paw.

I decided that there is only one good way to get it out of him. I

pounced on him. After a few tumbles I managed to pin him - squirming - to the ground. _"Come on, out with it. What's on your mind?"_ He let out a few half-hearted grumbles before replying, turning his head to the side so he didn't have to look me in the eye.

"How do I tell them? How do I tell Astrid, Dad, Gobber and the others? How can I explain what's happened to me?" Hiccup emphasised this by flexing his limbs, then moved to look me in the eye _"I don't know what to do anymore"_. He let his head flop down to the side again, looking dejected. I could feel his worry and doubt like a beacon in the back of my head. Focusing on it for a moment I could faintly feel depression trying to sink its claws into him.

I sighed before saying anything, I knew this was going to come up eventually, and there was no easy way to put it. _"Hiccup"_ He looked up at me, I could see a flicker of hope fighting his other emotions in his eyes, and it caused my feeling of guilt to rise _"There is no-one to explain it to. We were in that egg for three, maybe four hundred years. Nobody here will know us now."_ I paused for a moment and watched the spark in his eyes fade a little. _"Hiccup, imagine that your life is a book, like one of those you drew me in. This is a new chapter in your book. You are still yourself, there is no need to try to be someone else."_ I purred a little as I watched the spark flicker back to life, not as strong as before but still there, constant. _"You're my brother now, we'll stick together through this."_ With that I felt his worries and depression melt away, and he started purring slightly.

He seemed to be a little surprised when I mentioned that we were brothers now (and that he was purring), but he was content for now. After a few moments I hopped off to the side to allow him to stand up, which he did. _"Ok, a new chapter. I can do that. I can do it."_ He was clearly reassuring himself that everything would be alright, that it wasn't the start of the thing he called Ragnarok or whatever it was called.

I felt the shock roll through Hiccups mind at the same time his body stiffened. _"Wait a moment. That boy, his name. Hiccup Horrendous _**Haddock?**"_

"Yes, he looks a bit like you did when we first met." I said thoughtfully _"Maybe a descendant of yours?"_

"Waitwaitwait. Astrid and I didn't have anyâ€¦ did we?" I could feel Hiccups desperation for an answer.

I started for feel a bit uncomfortable under his gaze, I knew that it was a touchy subject with humans _"Uhhhâ€¦ I didn't think that you knew. Yes, Astrid wasâ€¦"_

Hiccup slumped visibly _"And I never even knew. Do you think they thought about me?"_

I could only stare at him wide eyed _"Hiccup. That boy has the exact same name as you, of course they did, or he wouldn't have the name he does now. If you think otherwise I will knock some sense into you manually."_ I lifted my tail mock threateningly.

Glancing at my tail he asked me _"Do you think we should tell anyone about allâ€¦ this?"_ Hiccup gestured vaguely between us with one of

his paws, but I knew that he meant the past, and what had happened to us, even though I can't bring up any memories of the final event.

I considered for a few seconds before shaking my head. _"No, definitely not. I can't remember what happened to us, but what I can guess sounds too crazy for anyone to believe. They would think us insane"_

"Yeah, I guess so. I doubt they have any reason to keep an insane hatchling. I take it that we won't be able to tell them our names either?"

"Since when has a hatchling ever had a past name? No. Besides, that boy and the dragon that came in have the same names as us. If they are going to look after us, it's going to get a bit confusing, right?"

Hiccup sighed loudly _"I still don't feel ready to give my name up yet. I'll respond to what he gives me but I still want to be Hiccup"_

I gave him my trademark toothless smile _"Don't worry, you'll always be my little Hiccup"_

Hiccup brightened at the sight of my smile, as I had hoped he would. _"How hard is it? Being a hatchling, I mean?"_ Hiccup clearly knew that it wouldn't be clear skies for a hatchling, but this time he would be experiencing it instead of observing it.

_"As a hatchling, you don't have to worry about food much, we always have someone to help us, but finding our own spot in the dragon community is very hard" _I could see that Hiccup was taking this seriously, which was a very good thing. I didn't have to hammer it into his head to be careful. _"As a Night Fury, it is a __**lot**__ worse."_

Hiccup was clearly confused, and I knew why. After all, a Night Fury is the fastest, among the most lethal, strong, and has an unbeatable fire. _"How can being a Night Fury be that much harder? It's not like you're - we're - any worse off than other dragons."_

I shook my head at him before responding to his question _"No, but a Night Fury hatchling is by far the most vulnerable, and we grow up slower than the others will. And if my guess is right we probably hatched later than the others."_ I shrugged _"Comes from kicking your way out of a four hundred year old egg."_

Hiccup laughed for a moment at my joke, and I savoured the hint of amusement I felt from him, before he tilted his head to the side, considering. After a moment, he brightened up considerably, then looked at me slyly _"But we have an advantage that you didn't before."_

"What?" I asked, genuinely confused. I saw him shift his weight around slightly.

He jumped at me, shouting _"You've got __**me**__!"_

* * *

><p>AN: So thats part 1, part 2 will be focusing on Hiccup
(Night Fury) P.O.V

****Review please!****

6. How to be a Hatchling Part 2

****AN:** Here comes the second part, where it is Hiccups turn to find out what it means to be a hatchling. I will tell you now that the Garden Dragon 'Toothless' will not be a major part of this story, he will still be there, just more of a bystander because I haven't read the books and am making it all up as i go along.**

****For those who do not understand how my mind works:****

"Norse"

"Dragonese"

Thoughts and/or the occasional bit of emphasis

****Definate emphasis/Gobber's shouting****

****Disclaimer:** Everyones mind is a separate universe, in my universe I own this...**

* * *

><p>"You've got me!"_ Right as I said the last word I tried to jump on my friend, the way I had seen other hatchlings do in Berk. Unfortunately, I am still rather clumsy, enhanced by being in a strange body, and so he avoided it easily. Too easily in my opinion. I landed a bit awkwardly where he was standing a moment before and span around to find a black blur pounce on me, sending us both rolling across the floor.

"How did you dodge that so easily" I grumped

_"Easy, I saw you get ready to jump, then I moved out the way" _Even without looking at him I could tell he was rolling his eyes. _"It was soooo obvious when you started shifting around that you was going to jump me. Besides, you are still fairly clumsy"_

"There is a reason for that" I retorted dryly _"It is bad enough when I knew what I was doing, but now I can barely figure out what muscle moves what!"_ I paused for a moment, considering, before saying determinedly _"Teach me how to be a hatchling"_

Toothless smiled again, before going into his 'Professor mode' _"Ok, first things first. When moving around, always keep your wings tucked in close to your body"_

I focused everything on moving my wings. Nothing. _"How do you ****move these things?**"_ I asked, frustrated.

"Just twitch your back muscles and you'll find them" he said patiently.

_There! Wait, no, there! _After working my way down my back I found a new set of muscles. After flexing them slightly I tried to move the muscles that felt nearest to them. After a minute I found that I could actually _feel_ my wings, and their positions. I glanced at Toothless, who was watching my progress, and manoeuvred my wings to imitate his.

When I managed to get them into position, Toothless nodded approvingly. _"Good. Now try walking while keeping them like that."_

I knew from my years with Toothless that Night Fury's walked by moving the legs diagonal to each other at the same time, front left and back right, then front right and back left. I knew that focusing on moving each leg perfectly would be a recipe for disaster, so I simply started walking around as best as I could. It felt awkward at first, and I stumbled more than a few times, but after a dozen stumbles or so it started to come more naturally.

Suddenly Toothless slapped my wing with his tail, causing me to yip in surprise (which surprised me even more) because I did not realise that he had been beside me all this time. _"Keep your wings tight!"_ he commanded.

Realising that while walking I had let my wings droop slightly, I held them tight to me and continued walking around for a while. After a minute of walking around in a giant circuit, Toothless obviously felt it was time to move on. _"Ok, that looks good now. Try running now, still keeping your wings tight. When you can control your wings properly you can use them to assist with running, but for now just keep them tight."_

As if to show me how to do it, he ran ahead of me. Watching him, I immediately saw that running was nothing like walking, as you used your front two legs together and then the back two together. Watching him run I realised that it was a lot like jumping, as the back legs were the ones providing the majority of the power. _I suppose this all comes naturally to him. Lets see how this goes_.

Determined to make Toothless proud of me, I pushed off with my back legs as if I was jumping straight forwards, using my front legs to keep my momentum going until my back legs could push me forward again. I did my best to avoid jumping up as I ran, trying to keep it flat, as I had seen Toothless do it. After a few bounds I realised that my wings weren't as tight as they should be, so I quickly adjusted them without losing my stride. Before I realised it I reached where he was waiting for me.

_"Wow. Better than I thought it would be." _I hopped up and down a few times with joy from his praise _"But there is a better way to practice than going in a line"_

I looked at him curiously, but before I could ask him what he meant he tackled me, then scampered off into a run shouting _"Catch me if you can!"_. With the challenge set I took after him, his amusement giving me extra motivation. Toothless kept to a simple course at first, allowing me to start to catch up, then he started making sudden turns, leaving me struggling to catch up. After a few attempts to mimic him I caught on how to do it, so he started swerving around the wooden pillars. _Wait, if we're in a house they must be chairs

and tables!_

After many unsuccessful attempts to follow him I started to try to anticipate where he was going, cutting across his course to catch up. The first time I did so I could almost reach out and touch him, but he used one of the wooden pillars (A table leg, I think) to change course too fast for me to catch up.

After a good ten minutes of running around, I finally managed to tackle him. We both lay where we stopped, utterly exhausted but amazed at how fun that was. After a minute of simply lying there panting, Toothless got up with a chuckle. _"Good job, much better. I didn't actually think you could get me at first. Proved me wrong there."_ I started purring slightly at his praise again.

_"Time for you to learn how to pounce now." _Toothless wandered off to the fire pit, so I followed him, wondering what he was up to this time. When he got there, he swiped a small half burned piece of wood onto the floor, then joined me where I waited, confused.

_"You're going to practice pouncing on that" _He flicked his tail at the piece of wood on the floor. _"Remember, stay low to the ground, lift your front slightly, then use your back legs to push off, and **pounce!**"_ With that he pounced on the wood, smacking it to the side with a paw.

Moving towards the wood, I stopped at a good pouncing distance and lowered myself to the floor. Shifting my body around slightly, I prepared to pounce. Launching myself into the air I landed just short of my target, but gave it a good slap anyway. I turned to Toothless with a question in my eyes.

He tilted his head to the side before answering the unspoken question _"Not bad for a first go, but keep your body lower, and remember keep your body straight when jumping up. Try again, but on me this time."_

I could see that he was planning something, but I decided to humour him and do it anyway. Crouching down a little further away from him than I was previously, I recalled what he had just mentioned and consciously adjusted my posture, then jumped. Immediately I could feel the difference between this one and the previous, I was moving both faster and further than my previous jump. I could see that I would land dead on top of Toothless.

But instead of staying still, he had obviously decided to give me an extra lesson. Just before I landed on him he turned sideways, so when I hit him he rolled to the side using my momentum against me. Unexpected, he wedged a paw under my chest he pushing against me after we had made a complete roll, sending me crashing into the floor while he nimbly rolled back onto his feet.

Dazed, I pulled myself back to my feet, just to be knocked back down by Toothless, who was laughing playfully. Deciding to let him have a taste of his own medicine, I sprang up and caught him by surprise, knocking him over. Before he could retaliate against me again, I ran off, hearing him growling playfully behind me.

Swerving around a particularly large wooden pillar _I still don't know what they are_ I decided to try to climb it. I slowed down

enough to let Toothless get into pouncing range, keeping a careful eye on him. I waited for him to jump, and as he did so I reversed direction. As I ran under him I caught the surprise on his face and felt it at the back of my mind. Returning to the larger pillar I thought of the best way to scale it.

I decided to start off by jumping at a good handhold. As I tried to grab hold of a protruding bit (forgetting that I no longer had hands) I felt some unfamiliar muscles ripple in my hand, causing a set of small claws to pop out of my fingers - toes - whatever they are. Only my front paws got a firm grip on the wood, leaving me dangling by my paws.

I heard Toothless pad up to the base of the pillar, a picture of what I looked like flashing through my mind along with amusement _"Having fun up there?"_

_ "I thought I could climb this thing to get a better view of where we are"_

He considered this for a moment before reaching up grabbing hold of the pillar, then climbing up to where I was, giving me a good idea of how to climb as a hatchling. When he reached my level (not that high, really) I started climbing up myself, making sure each time that I had got a firm hold before pulling myself further up. Reaching the top I realised that there was a small blocky overhang that I would have to get over. After a ****lot**** of wiggling, and a narrow escape from a fall, I managed to pull myself up and over it.

Looking first at what I was standing on I realised that it was a chair, then I got my first good look at where we were.

It looks soooo different to when we were on the ground, I can actually recognise things for what they are from up here! I could see the fire pit that we ran around. I could even trace the path we took when running around aimlessly. And there's the chunk of wood Toothless pounced on! _Wait, where is he?_ Abruptly, I realised that he wasn't up here yet, despite being a better climber. Looking down I saw no trace of him.

_ "Over here!" _Toothless's voice came from behind and above me. Looking in the direction of his voice I only saw the door and the wall. Only when Toothless waved his tail from the top of the door frame did I notice him.

_ "That was fast. What are you doing up there?"_

_ "I was going to jump the boy when he gets back" _He answered with a smirk _ "Just don't give me away when he returns. Wait, here he comes!"_

As the door opened I got a waft of delicious smelling fish. I had never smelt a fish this good for a long time. Ignoring my suddenly demanding belly, I looked at the person who had entered. It was not the same one who was here earlier, but he had a nice smelling fish so I didn't care. The boy looked similar to the one who said he was Hiccup, but not enough so that I thought they were siblings. Hiccup came in after, and moved to stand beside the newcomer.

They both looked at me, confusion written on their faces. "Wait,

where'sâ€|?" was all that Hiccup managed to ask before Toothless jumped out of his hiding spot, pushing him over. I noticed the other dragon fly up to perch on one of the rafters as his previous perch was floored.

At this point my belly rumbled again, louder, and my attention was drawn to the other boy. Seeing that he was distracted by Toothless's antics, I gauged the distance between us. Preparing myself, I took a running leap at the fish in his hands.

Success! I managed to snatch the fish out of his hands, and found out that he is a good, soft landing pad as well! Before I realised what I was doing I had torn into the fish like I hadn't been fed for the last week. _Well, more like the last few centuries, but who cares? Damn, I never realised fish could taste this good!_

I was admittedly surprised at how I was eating the fish. Particularly the mess that I was making with it, and the fact that I really didn't care about it either. _Whoops! I'm still sitting on that boy! I've probably ruined the shirt, but this fish tastes too good for me to care._

Finishing off the last few pieces of fish I had left, I suddenly felt like all my energy had vanished, leaving me drowsy. I heard my seat ask the other Hiccup "Wow, what species are they? I've never seen anything like them before!"

Without realising that I was speaking Norse, I blurted out "We're Night Furies." Realising that I had spoken Norse by the expression on his face I decided to press on before I fell asleep on my feet.

"Unholy offspring of lightning and death itself" I yawned, barely able to keep my eyes open. "Fear the fury of the night..."

I was barely conscious enough to register Hiccups words "C'mon. lets put them in bed".

The moment I touched it I was out like a light.

* * *

><p>AN: Sorry, you don't find out their names just yet, but you will in the next chapter. I have to say that i have got a major case of writers block about the next chapter, i have done about half of it at the moment, but have no idea when it will be finished. Hopefully i can do it by next Thursday or Friday.

Please review! I want to know if it is worth continuing plz! I have got other story ideas that i can start if this one is dying off...

7. Fisrt Impressions

AN: Soz that couldn't update earlier, but life interfered. Anyway, I dont think that I can do twice a week updates. I plan to have another chapter done every Monday instead.

**Servanash: Thanks, and here you go, your next chapter. And have a

cookie...**

SmokeyStorm: I know, and I dont really care. It was just something to fill in the room for him to learn how to pretend to be normal (if that is possible), and I really coundn't think of anything better at the time. In any case, I'm not planning to refer back to how they run in future chapters, not when other things are happening. I mean, they'll be running for a reason, right?

RollingUpHigh: Thanks, that means a lot to me :-)

EW02010: Don't worry, I wont be adding any magic to this story, and only Hiccup will be able understand the dragons (except the other dragons, obviously). I would like to tell you where this will go but it'll ruin the surprise...

Guest (9/9/13): Stupid idea...

For those who do not understand how my mind works:

"Norse"

"Dragonese"

Thoughts and/or the occasional bit of emphasis

Definate emphasis/Gobber's shouting

Disclaimer: Everyones mind is a separate universe, in my universe I own this...

* * *

><p>Hiccup (human) P.O.V<p>

The world stayed blurry for a moment as I opened my eyes, rising to consciousness from the realm of the dreams. Something was weighing down my chest, making breathing harder. Forcing my eyes open and tilting my head up I could see what the culprit was. Or rather, the culprits. Two small black objects, curled up around each other. I jolted slightly in surprise before recognising them as the two new dragons that had hatched, who had somehow managed to climb onto me without waking me up.

The small movement was enough to wake them, so I watched as they woke slowly, yawning and stretching for a few seconds before looking blearily into my face.

_"Lemme guess. Fish?" _I groaned.

The larger of the two affected surprise. _"How did you know?"_

Ignoring him, I lifted them to the end of the bed, then got out and got dressed. Toothless at this point had woken, and flew onto my shoulder, giving me a meaningful look that clearly said - you give me fish, I don't break something.

Crouching down next to the Night Furies I shifted my other shoulder

toward them. Getting the hint they clambered up my arm and settled down by my neck. I noticed that while the bigger one had no problems with the climb, the smaller nearly slipped once or twice.

Balancing precariously I stood up, unused to the weight on both shoulders. Easing my way down the stairs I grabbed a couple of fish from the storage baskets and tossed them onto a slab in the corner of the room. Instantly I felt the weight on my shoulders vanish as the trio of dragons jumped down to claim a fish.

To distract myself from the mess that the two dragonets were making I made my own breakfast, thinking of what to do with them now. I was saved from my thinking by Fishlegs, who had come to see my unique dragons again and to (hopefully) forge a friendship between mine and Fang.

"Hey Hiccup, have you thought of any names for them yet?" Turning to look at him I could see him visibly excited about the prospect of naming them.

"No, I haven't yet. Give me a few moments and I'll have a few ideas going"

The hatchlings were completely oblivious to the new arrivals, and were currently mucking around with the last bits of fish, obviously about to devolve into a food fight that would spray fish guts all over the walls.

"Stop playing with your food now, you two. I don't want you two to make too much of a mess here." _

The pair stopped and looked at me like I was interrupting something - which I probably was. They shot each other an inscrutable look before grabbing a piece of fish in their mouths and tossing it at me.

The morsels had barely left their mouths before Fang glided around and snatched them out of the air. A look of disappointment crossed both of their faces when I didn't have to scrape mushy fish off of my trousers, but changed to interest as they watched the Devilish Dervish manoeuvre in the room to land on the table.

"Anyway, what am I going to call you two? I can't keep calling you 'big dragon' and 'little dragon'. What about Coal?" _

The stare that they gave me was pure 'Is that the best you can come up with?'

"You want to name us after a dirty lump of rock." _The smaller one said

"I'll take that as a no then. How about Fishbreath andâ€¦?" _

I was interrupted by the smaller one again. _"If you finish that sentence I will give you a close-up of my Fishbreath." _

"I take it that they don't like any of your names Hiccup." I was startled for a moment because I had forgotten that Fishlegs was still here. "What did you suggest to them?"

"Coal, Fishbreath."

Fishlegs laughed quietly at the names, then looked at the Night Furies, who looked like they were wrestling over the last bit of fish. "Are Night Furies fast dragons? Because I was thinking maybe Speedwing, or Swiftflight."

"We will leave you eating our dust"

The larger boasted, as I translated for Fishlegs _"Not bad namesâ€¦ if we were girls"_ He pulled a disgusted face, which caused the other Night Fury to loose the wrestling match in a fit of laughter.

"Oh, sorry. Hey, what about Shadow and Shade?"

The smaller tilted his head as he responded in Norse "Eh, not very imaginative, but keep them as a maybe"

Fishlegs jolted as the dragon spoke Norse, clearly forgetting that this one could. Before he could reply I broke in with my own suggestion "How would you feel aboutâ€¦"

"Nova" The smaller interrupted, looking thoughtful (as much as a dragon can)

"What?"

"Nova. My name, Nova"

"And call me Void! I like that name" The larger one added, climbing up the table leg and working his way onto the top as the smaller one - _No! It's Nova now - _watched, bemused.

"Nova and Void. You happy with those names?"

_"Well, duh. We suggested them" _Void responded dryly.

Rolling my eyes, I picked them up and put them on my shoulders.

"Come on, lets show you the village now."

* * *

><p>Over the course of the morning I showed them all of the various places in the village. The docks, the granary, the seamstress, the wood carver, the blacksmith (in which Nova took an unusual amount of interest), Gobber's house, Fishleg's house, Snotlout's (with a warning to never go there), and finallyâ€¦<p>

"This is the mead hall. It is where most vikings go to eat, where meetings are held, weddings, funerals, other important events and a load of trivial stuff too."

"Like their drinking competitions?" Nova asked dryly.

"Yes, like their drinking competitions. Wait, how did you know about that? The drinking competitions, I mean?"

_"Lets just say that I'm not as dumb as you look" _Nova finished with a smug look. I could only stare at his for a moment, before understanding what he meant by that. Mentally slapping myself at the insult, I sighed and shook my head.

Just at that moment Snotlout and his cronies decided to leave the mead hall with their dragons. I tried to pull Fishlegs away and hide behind a pile of barrels, but Snotlout saw us and angled himself to intercept us. Nova and Void dropped down to my back, with their heads peeking over my shoulders.

"Hey, Useless! 'Bout time I saw you, cos its time for fist to face combat! My fist to your face!" While Snotlout was talking, me and Fishlegs started to retreat slowly, hoping to escape by running off into the village. That plan took a dive when I saw that Dogsbreath and Speedifist had moved around us and had cut off all escape routes except the forest. Fang took a protective stance in front of Fishlegs and Toothless in front of me, hissing and growling at the others.

I was about to make a dash into the trees, which is probably what Snotlout wanted, when what felt like divine intervention saved me. Actually, it was just my grandpa - Old Wrinkly - walking out of the forest with an armful of logs and herbs.

"Hiccup! Fishlegs! Just the lads I wanted to see. Could you help me carry this back home?" Hurrying over to him as if he was our only hope of survival - _Which he sort of is at the moment_ - we grabbed the majority of what he had from him. While doing that, he noticed the situation we were in. "What about the rest of you, don't you have young dragons to train? What would the chief say if they burnt a house down while you were goofing off?"

Grumbling, the three of them turned around and left, but not before giving me a dirty look that said: _You got away easily this time. Just wait, because you wont always have someone to hide behind._ Shivering slightly at the near escape, I barely noticed Toothless hopping back onto my shoulder.

Old Wrinkly waited until they were out of view before turning to me and sighing. "You better be more careful in the future, you know that he doesn't like you and that he wants to be chief someday. Put two and two together will you lad?"

"I know, grandpa. But I cant avoid him forever."

"That's not the point. Being careful around him is. If you give a reason to hurt you, he will take it."

"Don't worry, I wont give him any reason to try anything. I have extra reasons to do so now, actually."

"Ah, yes. Do they look anything like this?" Old Wrinkly brought out a folded piece of parchment from a pocket, and showed it to us. On it was a drawing of the two Night Furies, exact images of how they looked, even down to the small details that made them unique from the other.

"Wow, yes! This is them! Nova, Void have a look at this" Instead of feeling them climb up onto my shoulders, I suddenly noticed the subtle lack of weight that should have been on my shoulders. Spinning around in a quick circle, I could not see any signs of them. Before I could say anything I noticed Old Wrinkly smirking at a bush in the tree line. Looking at the bush I barely noticed two pairs of eyes staring back.

The smirk turned into a full smile. "Why don't you two come out now?"

* * *

><p>Toothless P.O.V<p>

It looks like Hiccup isn't the only one with descendants that have similar characteristics. If this Snotlout is anything like the one I knew, he respects authority, will otherwise do everything he can to get what he wants. The only way he knows though, is through his fists. And the object of his fists desire, our perch and hiding spot. _We have to get away, quickly._

Looking at Hiccup - Nova - I thought of different ways that could get a quiet message across to him. I decided to try something new. Tapping his wing with my tail to get his attention, I looked into his eyes and built up an image in my mind of us hiding in the tree line. Focusing on that mental image so hard that I felt a headache coming, I noticed the small changes in his expression.

Originally starting at curiosity, he blinked as I felt a flicker of confusion from him. He looked at the tree line for a moment before looking back at me and nodding. Springing off of Hiccup I dashed along the ground to the nearest bush. Skidding along the muddy ground I slid under the bush, Nova joining me a moment later.

_"What are we doing here?" _Nova asked

_"Keeping out of trouble" _I whispered in reply _"I would prefer to avoid getting caught up in any of __**that**__"_

"Point taken"

Watching the events unfold, I recalled something else, and flicked Nova over the head with my tail.

_"Hey, what was that for Toothl - Void?" _He whined, rubbing his head

"For showing off earlier"

_"What? When did I do that?" _Confusion was evident on his face as he tried - unsuccessfully - to think of what I meant.

"When he was showing us the village"

I sighed _"When you said things that no two day old hatchling would know. Remember that?"_

Realisation of what I meant came within moments and he looked down at the ground, embarrassment evident in his posture. _"Oooh, yes. That."_ He glanced up at me, thinking quickly. _"I'm guessing that I had better avoid doing that again._

_"At least until you have an excuse to know it, yes" _I responded dryly.

_"Aww, c'mon. You know how hard that is for me" _He mock-complained

"Besides, its not often I am able to show off my vast intellect."

I swatted him again for that comment, but more playfully than before. Looking back at the situation outside the bush, I noticed that nobody had been beaten up yet, probably because of the new arrival to the scene. _"Any idea who that is?"_ I whispered to Nova.

"Looks like he's old enough to be a village elder, maybe a healer like Gothi was."

"Show-off"

Nova tried to suppress his laughter, but could not block it out completely. I missed most of the conversation between Hiccup and the old man, but one word in particular made it through - Grandpa.

"Nova, I think that's Hiccups grandfather"

He looked at me curiously before turning his attention to the people ahead of us. _"What makes you think that?"_

"I don't know, maybe because Hiccup called him 'Grandpa'? No, that couldn't possibly be the reason, could it?"

Nova snorted at my evident sarcasm. _"Guess I rubbed off on you more than I thought"_

My riposte was interrupted as Hiccup spun round in a circle, after which I noticed that the old man was looking directly at us. "Why don't you two come out now?" he asked, smiling at us. It wasn't a cruel smile, instead it was calm and gentle.

Nova evidently had decided to give him a chance to earn trust, as he slipped out of the bush and started to walk up to him slowly. Not wanting to be left behind, I crawled out as well and caught up, staying slightly ahead of Nova so I could get between them in case the human tried something stupid.

Instead, he simply crouched down and offered his palm to us, saying "You two really are unique, aren't you. You can call me Old Wrinkly."

Ignoring his comment, I cautiously walked up to and sniffed his hand, then pushed my snout into his palm for a moment, before stepping back and letting Nova do the same.

"So which one of you can talk?" Old Wrinkly asked, looking at us intently. I felt my body stiffen, and saw Nova's rigidity as well.

"Wait, how did you know about that?" Fishlegs blurted out, eyes wide.

Old Wrinkly started laughing as he straightened up (with help from Hiccup, of course), and tapped his temple. "You forget, I see things. How else would I be able to draw them as well?"

I looked at the parchment in Hiccup's hand curiously, and he complied

by putting it down for us to see.

Nova was so surprised by the artistic skill shown in the drawing (which I couldn't see) that he spoke in Norse. "Wow. You are an amazing artist. You've even captured the small differences between us."

"So you do talk." Old Wrinkly said, earning a harsh glare from Nova and myself. "Don't worry, I won't say a word to anyone. It's going to be hard enough for you two anyway without something else to set you apart."

"What do you mean?" I growled, glancing at Hiccup as a demand to translate, which he did.

"It's simple really. Humans and dragons both dislike two things. What they don't know, and what they can't understand. You two are both."

Fishlegs and Hiccup looked at each other understandingly. Fang and Toothless simply looked confused. "Come on, let's take this stuff back to yours now." Hiccup said, hefting his load slightly. Nova and I quickly ran up his legs and climbed onto his shoulders.

It was a long, quiet journey.

When we reached his house, Old Wrinkly went in first, asking us to wait outside for a moment. When he finally called "Come in now" and we went in, I was quietly impressed by it. As the village healer there were many jars of unknown herbs and plants and stuff, but it didn't clutter anything. Instead, it lent the building a homey air. Why do I care about any of this? I'm a dragon for Thor's sake. Dammit, I'm sounding more like Hic-Nova now.

When the humans started talking about something that had happened in the village recently, I quickly lost interest, so I started poking around to see if there was anything interesting around. Turns out there wasn't.

* * *

><p>When the boys and their dragons left Old Wrinkly's house, Old Wrinkly quickly lost his smile. If one part of a vision was correct, the other must have been too. The first part of that vision had shown him Hiccups two new dragons, and part of the challenges in the life. The second part he still didn't know what it meant. Pulling out crumpled piece of parchment out of his vest, he looked at the other thing he had drawn.<p>

Like the two Night Furies, he had never heard or seen anything like this before, but that is where the resemblance ended. The drawing was of a huge creature, with coral-like growths on its back like a camouflaged sea creature. It had wings on its back like a dragon, and a club-like tail unlike anything known to humans. Its head was more blocky than a normal dragon with a huge mouth, jaws strong enough to bite a longboat in half, oversized nostrils, and numerous evil eyes.

What disturbed Old Wrinkly more than any appearance could was the feeling that came with the vision. Fear, coldness,

numbnessâ€|

Death.

* * *

><p>AN: So you now know the names I have chosen. Nova and Void. Servanash, your ideas inspired Nova's name, Void came to be as a random thought (I get a lot of those). Tell me what you think of them plz!

I think I have managed to give you a bit of an idea of where I will be taking this, so look out for anomalous events! Even if it is obvious to me what is happening, I cant make it too obvious for my characters.

Please tell me what you think of where I'm taking this, and whether you think its a good idea...Plz?

8. Fight or Flight

AN: Hi guys, sorry this chapters a little late. It took longer than I thought it would to finish. On the bright side though, it is longer than my usual chapters!

Guest: Thank you, that did cross my mind. Dont eat too many cookies, you'll get fat...

Anon: Thanks, I hope you do enjoy this story, but I cant make it too obvious where this is going because it takes all the fun out of it (evil cackle)

Complete the Circuit: I really needed that. I had hit a low with this story and you gave me the willpower to continue. You have my thanks.

SmokeyStorm: As far as I can tell, there is no actual description of what they look like apart from huge and covered in marine coral, shells... But according to most things I have looked at, the book's Deaths would have looked completely different to the film's Death, so I am going to use it as something completely unrelated to the book's Deaths. They wont actually know anything about it until near the end of my story anyway, they will just see the effects it makes on other dragons...

For those who do not understand how my mind works:

"Norse"

"Dragonese"

Thoughts and/or the occasional bit of emphasis

Definate emphasis/Gobber's shouting

Disclaimer: I have a pet robot which has a pet cat, which owns the mouse that owns HTTYD... Not really

* * *

><p>I miss flying. I probably shouldn't, as I lasted for longer without it, like when waiting for Hiccup to wake up from his coma after killing the Red Death. Now? One week and I'm desperate to return to the skies. Well, one week and four hundred years, but who's counting? Maybe its from watching the other dragonets gliding around, learning to fly. Sometimes I just feel ready to take a running leap off a cliff, but not much is scarier for a dragon than the feeling of falling to your death. That's the main reason that I haven't tried it yet, besides not wanting Nova to get hurt trying it. It's the sort of thing that something would go wrong with him.

I still haven't gotten used to calling him Nova. Fortunately we haven't had any mix-ups with anyone around, so our secrets are safe. Maybe this is what he felt when he was keeping me a secret from the village. _Dammit, I'm rambling again. He rubs off on me more than I thought._

Anyway, life settled into a routine fairly quickly. We wake up in the morning, play, eat, more play, explore, play, have a nap, eat, play again, prank Hiccup, prank Hiccup again just to wind him up, play even more, devour another fish, sleep for the night. Life is good. Except for the not flying part. I'm not sure if Nova has realised this yet, but for a dragonet playing is training under a different name. All the time we wrestle we are building up muscle, refining our fighting technique, practicing how to hunt and so on. _Eh, who cares. Its fun. And I started rambling again. Something else I'll have to blame Nova for._

Today, the man everyone calls 'Gobber' has gathered all of the young Vikings-to-be for a lecture on how to fly us dragons up at the cliffs. At the moment, it consists entirely of **'SHOUT AT 'EM UNTIL THEY DO WHAT YE' SAY! '**. Due to everyone's attention on the huge man, we had been given free reign over the cliffs for now. This has to be the first time that I have seen all my fellow dragonets together.

Officially, this is supposed to be a 'bonding session' as the humans put it. So unofficially, it became a 'who is alpha of this group' tournament. At the moment it is Snotlout's dragon, Fireworm the Monstrous Nightmare vs. GreenButt the Grunckle. At the moment, it isn't much of a fight. Fireworm is simply throwing GreenButt around. It's a wonder that none of the humans have noticed.

Pinning GreenButt to the ground, Fireworm forced him to yield. Eight challengers, eight wins. This won't help the ego complex that he gained from Snotlout. At least he's ignoring us in favour of his competition for now. The last thing I want is for me or Nova to get caught up in a fight, especially when we are outmatched.

As far as I can tell Fireworm is the clear alpha of this group, followed by his minions Spikes and Battleclaw, Speedifist's Nadder and Dogsbreath's Dervish respectively. Those two are followed closely by Fang, who seems to be the only one of the group that will actually acknowledge our existence. The other dragons seem to be ranked in 'how willing they are to do what Fireworm says'. At the moment me and Nova are at the bottom of the group, if only because we haven't tried to fight any of the others. Of course, its only a matter of time before they turn their attention to us, but for now I am happy enough

wrestling Nova.

I could tell that something was on his mind though. He was barely trying to dodge me, let alone stand his ground and wrestle. Pinning him to the ground, I demanded _"Come on, what's on your mind?"_

"Nothing" Came the typical response

"I know you well enough to know that you're lying. Come on, what is it? Something crawl up your tail and sting your butt?"

_"No, you squished that bee a moment ago" _Nova smirked as he played along with the joke, before sighing _"I miss flying"_

Hopping off of Nova, I walked back to the edge of the cliff. _"I miss flying too"_

"When do you think we can try to learn to fly?"

"I dunno. Whenever you feel ready for it, I guess."

_"Hmm. I don't know if I'll feel properly ready for it, but sometimes I just feel like taking a leap of faith and hoping these things work" _He finished, flexing his wings.

"I get those feelings too sometimes, but I don't want to risk it just yet."

"Afraid of falling?"

"Me? Never. Not a chance."

Nova smirked at my response. _"Yep, you're obviously not afraid of your wings not being strong enough to hold you, sending you falling onto the rocks or the ocean." _Nova's voice was dripping with sarcasm, causing me to flinch slightly when he finished.

"Alright, I might be a bit nervous about that happening. To you."

_"Is that concern I hear there?" _Nova said, evidently mock-surprised.

"Shut up before I push you off."

Nova chuckled at me again. _"Can you remember how you first learnt to fly?"_

_"No" _I replied, shaking my head. _"I can't remember anything about my life before the Queen."_

"Probably got yourself pushed off a cliff." He deadpanned _"Do you think that our need to fly is some sort of developing dragon instinct?"_

"Could be."

"Well that would explain the rat a few days ago."

_"What rat?" _I asked, genuinely confused.

"You didn't notice? Oh yes, you was busy hanging off the ceiling."

"Hey, that was fun, and what happened with this rat?"

Nova shrugged before responding _"I saw it out of the corner of my eye, and the next thing I knew, I had it in a death grip and broke it's neck! I didn't even know what it was until I let go!"_

I considered for a few moments before responding. _"You're probably right about the instincts, but did you at least eat the rat?"_

"What?! Ewww, no. That's disgusting."

I couldn't help but laugh at his disgusted face _"You know that if you catch one with a human around they will expect you to eat it."_

_"Do you want to get pushed off this cliff or not?" _He growled.

Before I could think of a response a shadow fell over us.

* * *

><p>Nova P.O.V<p>

Someone trying to sneak up on us is never a good sign. If whoever it is is friendly to us then he wouldn't be sneaking over here. Spinning around, I got a good look at who it was. _Oh, great. Fireworm's come to show his 'dominance'._ Fireworm towered over us, at least four times taller than us when he is standing up. I noticed Battleclaw and Spikes moving around to flank us, cutting us off from the others.

_"What do you want Fireworm?"_I said as calmly as possible, willing my tail to resist lashing around.

"I just want you to come and join in the fun we're having. Is that such a problem?"

Beside me, Void snorted. _"I'm sure GreenButt and the others have had _lots_ of fun with you. Who wouldn't?"_ I glanced over to the small group that included GreenButt, and saw many patches of lost scales, bite marks and claw marks.

In response, Fireworm snapped at us. I jumped back, but Void jumped forward and grabbed hold of the horn at the end of his snout, using a spare paw to scratch a series of lines on top of his nose.

Annoyed, Fireworm growled harshly and flung Void off, causing him to land painfully on one leg near me. Feeling a sharp pain shoot up my leg, I put myself between them. Crouching down in front of Void, I couldn't help but snarl at Fireworm. I heard Void climb back to his feet, then felt my leg twitch a few times as he tested his leg.

_"I ought to teach you how to respect your betters" _Fireworm growled

menacingly.

Retreating slowly as Fireworm stepped forward, I realised that he was herding us to the cliff edge. With the other two dragons preventing us from running another direction, there was nowhere else to go.

Halting at the edge of the cliff, I risked a glance down. It was a long, long drop, with jagged rock waiting at the bottom. Fireworm noticed me, and took a moment to gloat. _"I should have known that any of _Hiccup's_ dragons would be weaklings. Lets see if we can remedy that."_

Just before he could lunge forward and push us off the edge, Fang suddenly dropped between us, facing Fireworm and looking very angry._ "Back off Fireworm. Leave them along. You ought to know better than to attack those too young to defend themselves."_

I felt a bit miffed about that statement for a moment, before realising that it was actually very true. Fang, on the other hand, looked like he could fight three dragons to a standstill. _Which he might actually do here_. Despite facing three dragons in a battle of wills, Fang didn't look like he was going to back down anytime soon.

Even if it does devolve into a fight, there's no guarantee of protection for us anyway.

Suddenly, an idea came to mind. Glancing over at Void, and seeing his attention solely on the show in front of us, I nudged his side and gestured with my head to Fang's back. He simply looked at me with confusion. Thinking fast, I brought up a memory of Fang flying and tried to send it to Void. It evidently worked, as he looked even more confused than ever, but he still didn't know what I meant. Adjusting the image slightly, I formed two smaller black shapes holding onto Fang's shoulders. With that image, realisation crossed his face, and I felt a wave of sheepishness through our link.

Turning my attention back to the stand-off, things were about to get violent, so I knew that now was the time to act. Hopping onto Fang's back, I climbed up so I could whisper into his ear.

As I was climbing, he started to whisper to me urgently. _"Little one, get down. I won't be able to keep you safe on my back."_

_"Don't try to fight them, you'll just get yourself hurt." _I whispered back

"I will not let these irrational fools hurt you, even if I am the one who is injured"

Genuinely touched by the sentiment, I still knew that there was a better way._ "No, I have a better idea. When they try something, turn around and dive off the cliff, then climb up and try to hide in the clouds."_

_"And what will you two be doing?" _He asked, concerned.

_"Holding on" _Void interrupted jovially from the other

shoulder.

Glancing at him I could see that he was itching to return to the skies, even though not under his own power. Looking back at Fireworm, my experience with Monstrous Nightmares came in handy, as his body language had changed subtly to a prelude for an attack.

"Fang, NOW!" I shouted, just as I saw Fireworm gathering himself for an attack.

Fang promptly turned and dove off the cliff, narrowly avoiding having his tail snagged by Fireworm's teeth. Pulling his wings close to gain speed, the rocks approached at an alarming pace. Snapping his wings open, Fang pulled out of his dive close enough for me to hop onto a rock. Beating his wings rhythmically, we gained altitude and were climbing into the skies.

Heart pumping with exhilaration, I looked down at the ocean, only to see the snarling forms of Fireworm and the others climbing after us. That put a serious dampen on my mood. Watching them for a few moments, I worked out that they were climbing faster than we were.

"They're gaining on us! How much further to the cloud cover?" I asked Fang.

Fang glanced back at our pursuers, losing his rhythm for a couple of seconds, allowing them to catch up further. "I don't think I can reach the clouds before they reach us. I'm not used to this sort of thing" Fang was breathing hard now, clearly exerting himself for each wing beat.

"I have an idea!" Void exclaimed "But we have to wait until they almost reach us for it to work"

"Ok, what is it?"

"Nova, join me on this shoulder. Fang, when I shout 'Now', go forward into a dive but make it look like you are hiding us from them. I'll sort out the rest."

"I get the feeling that I'm not going to like this" I grumbled as I picked my way over Fang's neck carefully.

Void waited until they were mere metres below us, when Fang's exertions were even more pronounced, before turning to face me.

"Nova, lesson one: clear your mind and trust your instincts."

"What?" I turned to him, uncomprehending.

In response he simply shouted "NOW!" , grabbed hold me with his front paws and used his back legs to literally tear me off of Fang. I think I might of ripped a few scales off there. Throwing the pair of us into the air, he released me mid-spin.

Falling through the air now felt like when I first fell off Toothless. But this time he couldn't catch me. Fireworm had taken the bait, and was still chasing Fang, who was now keeping his distance without us to tire him out further. "Damn it Void! If this doesn't

kill us I will definitely kill you!" _I tried to sent outrage through our bond.

He laughed at me. He actually laughed. I couldn't figure out where he was laughing from because I was spinning too much, but I knew he was near me. _"Just remember what I told you!"_ I caught a glimpse of him between spins of him opening his wings, and angling himself to dive alongside me.

Now what did he say. Oh, yes. _Clear your mind and trust your instincts. Easier said than done when your falling to your death, but its not like I have much of a choice anymore._ Closing my eyes, I consciously blocked out the feeling of falling, suppressed what thoughts I could, and imagined my head as an empty box. In the midst of this I felt unused muscles flexing along my tail, and felt my spinning slow, then stop completely.

Opening my eyes, I realised that I had indeed stopped spinning, and had angled myself into a flat dive. Looking over to my side, I saw Void matching me with his trademark gummy smile. Suddenly, it felt all too right to spread my wings, and so I did. Arresting my dive, I found myself simply gliding through the air. I could feel the air rushing underneath my wings, the way my tail fins altered the air flow around me.

Altering the positions of one of my tail fins, I felt myself banking slightly. Adjusting it further I felt myself banking even sharper, until I levelled out and tried banking the other way. Tilting my fins slightly, I quickly figured out how to climb and dive. Testing out the pair of fins at the base of my tail, I accidentally managed to perform a midair barrel roll.

_"Glad to see you're still a fast learner" _Void was hanging off by my shoulder, and I could feel his pride in my accomplishments through out bond. I smirked at him before purposely angling myself to bump into him. Wobbling precariously for a moment, I smirked over my shoulder at him, before recognising an object behind him.

_"DUCK!" _I shouted, and dipped just in time to avoid Fireworm's claws attempting to grab hold of us. Overshooting us, he span around and tried to snag us a second time, but when he overshot us we fell into a dive.

Void pulled ahead and changed direction to head towards the cliffs where the human children were still cowering before Gobber, so I tucked myself into his slipstream, wobbling slightly from the sudden manoeuvre. I recoiled slightly as a burst of fire superheated the air near me, forcing me out of Void's slipstream. Another burst of flames nicked the edge of my wing, sending me into a crazy spiral.

Focusing on a boulder embedded in the ground, I discovered that with subtle changes to the angle of my tail fins, I could adjust the my spiralling motion. The next dozen seconds were filled with close calls as I dodged fire after fire in my spiral. This came to a sudden stop, so I strained my wings to stop spinning and looked up to see that Void had come around and rammed Fireworm, sending him into a midair collision with Spikes and Battleclaw.

The cliff was approaching now, fast. Putting everything into pulling out of the dive, I levelled off, unintentionally banking to pass over

the humans heads. Hearing a few exclamations of surprise, I flapped a few times to gain some height and looked around to see where everyone else was.

"INCOMING!" Void yelled as he barrelled past me, knocking me off balance. Looking to where he had came from I saw that Fireworm was still chasing him, even though the others had given up and gone somewhere else. "To the trees Nova! Just like the rock pillars on our first flight!"

Pumping my wings furiously, I followed Void into the forest, shooting yet again over the humans heads. Facing the daunting wall of foliage, I could feel apprehension growing within me. Then my mind went blank.

As if some greater power had taken control of me, my body twisted and contorted around branches thick enough to break bones. Weaving through a tapestry of green, my only thought was: Keep Void in sight, don't lose sight of him. With that in mind, I started to consciously direct myself through the obstacle course, even taking a few risks like barrel-rolling through a gap almost too small for me and smashing my way through a wall of vines.

As with all good things though, it has to end sometime. A branch that I had seen too late caught the edge of my wing, causing me to yelp and drop to the ground. Looking around I found myself in a small depression, not easily reached by humans, with what looked to be a small cave entrance hidden in the shadows of a rocky wall.

"What happened? Are you alright?" Nova landed gracefully beside me, already inspecting my wing. "No rips, that's good. It'll hurt for a while though"

I grimaced and nodded, then felt my ears prick up, the faint sounds of something travelling through foliage at speed accompanied by a few choice dragonese curses. Hurrying over to an area of deep shadows, we stayed low and froze. "Keep your eyes mostly shut, it makes it harder to spot us" Void advised.

Soon, the distinctive form of Fireworm crashed through one set of trees and hammered his way into the next, not even bothering to look at the floor, shouting Many Things That Shall Not Be Repeated

Waiting for a couple of seconds until the sounds of his passage faded away, I moved back into the open and stretched my wings. A few twangs of pain from the one that clipped the branch, and a general ache all over, but otherwise fine. Just before I took off, though, I noticed something glinting in the sunlight in the corner of my eye.

Curiosity taking the better of me, I wondered over to it and saw something metallic and shiny lodged into the ground. Grabbing it with my teeth, I tugged at it. Nothing. Setting myself firmly, I tried to yank it out. Success! Unfortunately, that resulted in the small object being thrown at Void's face.

"Ow! What was that?" He complained, rubbing the side of his head.

_ "I dunno. It looked interesting" _

_ "So you threw it at my face?" _Void returned, pretending to be hurt.

_ "What else was I going to do with it?" _I returned jokingly, walking up to where it lay. Getting a good look at it, I could see that it was a muddy, circular, flat piece of metal, possibly copper with an engraving on it.

_ "Any ideas what it is?" _Void asked.

_ "Nope. Not a clue. Maybe Hiccup knows what it is. Lets take it to him" _Grabbing hold of it with my front paws, I took to the sky again, relishing the feeling of freedom that it gave me before turning my mind to the engraving that was on the metal.

Around the outside there were numerous symbols that I did not recognise, but in the centre there was a picture. It was of a human head, turned to the look to the side, with what looked like a crown comprised of interwoven leaves.

* * *

><p>AN: Five cookies for anyone who can correctly guess what this object is! The owners of this object will appear in the next chapter, and there will not be good consequences!

I have no idea when the next chapter will be finished, life has suddenly got alot busier. You will get it when it is finished. Anyway, please tell me if you like this chapter, and maybe a few suggestions for mishaps that they could go through. Review please!

9. Not a chapter, sorry

AN: Sorry, but I will not be updating this story for a little while. Got some major house work being done so its going to be too hectic for me to add any chapters for a while. My best guess is that I will have a new chapter or two in a month. Sorry if I got your hopes up with this non-chapter. Thanks for all the support so far! Hopefully it wont take as long as I think it will, so I can surprise you with a chapter (a real one next time)

End
file.